NEW MASSES

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UNITY WITH COMMUNISTS?
A Symposium

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THE FUTURE OF ITALY

By the Editors

FROM the heights of the Palazzo Venezia, the balcony emperor has crashed back into the gutter from which he came. Italy is at least now freed of an arrogant fraud, of a criminal megalomaniac whose hunger for power brought Italians to shame and ruin. It is now their turn to undo completely the rule of rubber truncheon and to live with dignity and honor.

Mussolini's resignation is the first political fruit of the campaign in Sicily. The inevitable, however, began to knock on Italy's gates even weeks before when more than 100,000 Italians lost their lives or were maimed in the fighting on the Eastern Front. It goes back to the defeats in North Africa, to the anger of the defenseless residents of the bombarded cities. And it has its earliest origins in the corrupt operations of the fascist regime that starved the people, crushed their initiative, fed them military circuses when it was bread they wanted and peace they longed for.

From this tortured scene Mussolini has taken his last bow. *Anything can happen now that this one harness has been cut from the shoulders of Italians.* The new government headed by Badoglio, to judge from both his declarations and those of the King, has embarked on a devious policy. They say that they will continue with the war yet they try to give the distinct impression that with Mussolini's political demise fascism in Italy has entirely disappeared. Such doubletalk is calculated to please Hitler and to provide bait for the Allies to discuss the kind of peace that would save Italy's reactionary institutions.

Badoglio's proclamation is especially enlightening. He warns Italians that they will be severely punished if they interfere with his measures to carry out what he vaguely calls "orders." Those orders are clearly directed against any anti-war demonstrations such as were held in Italian cities in the past weeks and which undoubtedly helped force Mussolini's resignation; they also are directed against any public challenge to the retention of the decadent monarchy which Badoglio is pledged to defend.

Italy is in transition; in fact it is a huge powderkeg which will blast the rump of anyone who tries to sit on it. It was very recently that the Pope summoned twenty thousand Italian workmen to advise them not to revolt, that evolution was better than revolution. This large scale interview is a clue to the mood of the Italian people and Badoglio is decidedly hostile to any such natural fermentation among the masses. His record ostensibly has been one of dissent from Mussolini's views. But it was he who led the fascist legions in the pillage of Ethiopia and it was he whom Mussolini made the Duke of Addis Ababa. Evidently his differences with the fascist regime were mild enough for the fascist hierarchy to tolerate. He is reputed to have been the planner of the Italian campaign against republican Spain. Italians certainly cannot count on him to take them to the promised land.

In their declarations neither Badoglio nor the King struck a critical note against Mussolini or fascism. Victor Emmanuel referred to Mussolini with utmost politeness as "His Excellency Cavaliere Benito Mussolini" when he announced the resignation. The House of Savoy fears its extermination, for the Italian people well know that the King has never shown any independence of the fascist regime. This little man hid under the bed whenever he should have been up front talking back to his boss. His courage equals his size.

It was not surprising then that a military dictatorship was installed to throttle Italy. A few hours after the news of the resignation came from Rome, the Office of War Information announced in a broadcast that "there was no indication of any essential change in the form of government of fascist Italy. . . . None of the announcements of the Rome radio gave an indication that the fascist party would not continue to govern Italy. Although Marshal Badoglio has been openly contemptuous of Mussolini, there was no reason in his appointment to support a belief that the fascist regime has been changed or will be changed."

COMING from an official government agency, that analysis is indeed valuable. For it shows that the Allies must continue relentless warfare to achieve unconditional surrender and purge Italy of fascism. It would be of supreme importance for us if Italy were knocked out of the war. *But we cannot arrange a peace if that peace became an obstacle in getting at Germany or if it merely neutralized Italy.* Ours must be a peace whereby Italy is no longer in the war but leaves us the fullest military advantages in operating on the continent. For such a peace we will find our best friends not among the hoary aristocracy or in the momentarily repentant figures who want to save their own skins and dread the day of full retribution. Our best allies in Italy are, therefore, among the workers and peasants, among the members of the underground who for more than twenty years have fought fascism, among those democratic exiles living abroad, and among those in almost every sphere of Italian life who are sick unto death of their betrayers and are eager to fight them.

It is they who with our help will take Italy out of the war. For it was they who early this year marched on the Fiat plant in Turin and brought 30,000 workers out on strike with the slogan "Long Live Peace." It was they who sabotaged German munitions dumps in Naples. It was they who carried on guerrilla warfare against the fascist militia in Italy's northeastern provinces. The underground, comprised of liberals in the Justice and Liberty group, Socialists, Communists, and Catholics, will not be stifled by martial law. Their record guarantees that among these Italian elements are to be found the leaders who can speak for their people and give Italy a genuinely democratic government.

Mussolini's resignation is as much a brilliant Allied victory as it is a momentous achievement on the part of Italians. It will reverberate throughout the whole Axis, further isolating the Nazis. Its effect among the satellite powers in the Balkans and the Baltics will be to encourage the resistance movements to fight harder. Satellite troops now spread all over to guard Hitler's outposts will be withdrawn to their homelands by jittery governments, thereby jeopardizing Hitler's military balance on the continent. From France already there is word that the Nazis can no longer rely on Laval and are dickering with other French quislings to take over. In Madrid the cabinet was quickly assembled to estimate the crisis and probably to give moral sustenance to Franco, Mussolini's friend.

But it is in Germany, the heart of Nazidom, where the Italian news will thunder and blitz its way into the minds of Germans. First the Germans discovered that their armies were not invincible; now they find that at the first blast of our guns on Italian territory the Duce himself—the man who proclaimed that he would rather live one day as a lion than a hundred years as a lamb—has picked up his heels and run off like the meekest rabbit. The Nazi radio blared forth that Mussolini left his post because he was sick. Even the most impervious German mind will recognize the poverty of this explanation and understand how critical is the Axis state of affairs. Their morale now must be as high as a grasshopper's knee. Over the past weekend it suffered terrific blows. And it will suffer a fatal blow if we attack from the west now, if London and Washington take advantage of this new stage in the disintegration of the Axis. The opportunity was never better.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Dubinsky's Rabbits

ONE of these days American newspapers may realize that statements studded with phrases like "Communist conspiracy," "Communist machinations," etc., belong in the dog-bites-man category. If and when that time comes, such people as the right wing leaders of the American Labor Party will be struck mute. Outside of Red-baiting invective—which is no more persuasive with a "labor" label than with a Hitler or Dies tag—these gentlemen have nothing to say. Judging by the frantic tone of their statements and their irresponsible attempts to use even Mayor LaGuardia's name as a front (without his permission), David Dubinsky and his trained seals evidently fear that the jig is up, or will be after the August 10 primaries. There is every reason for the decent rank and file of the ALP, who want to get on with the war, to make certain that those fears are confirmed.

The situation in Queens provides the best answer to the lie that the Communists are attempting to capture the ALP. The leader of the Queens ALP is associated with the Dubinsky group in control of the state organization. However, he has rejected their divisive tactics and accepted the Progressive offer of unity. As a result there will be no primary contest in Queens because all sections of the party are united. The same situation could have been created in every county had the state leadership not insisted on taking their cue from Martin Dies and John L. Lewis rather than from President Roosevelt and Philip Murray.

SENSING their vulnerability to the charge of the Progressives that they are in cahoots with Lewis and with the anti-Soviet defeatists, the Dubinsky-Rose-Counts cabal have now pulled a new rabbit out of the hat: a declaration of readiness to support President Roosevelt for reelection in 1944. In place of immediate deeds to back up the President against Dubinsky's pal, Lewis, and against all others who obstruct the war effort, they send FDR love and kisses, post-dated a year hence. In contrast is the statement of 200 CIO and AFL trade unionists supporting the Marcantonio-Connolly committee in the primaries. This statement repudiates Red-baiting and insists that "our first task is to help make the American Labor Party a powerful, united instrument dedicated to the winning of the war and the defeat of the foe at home and abroad." This policy alone can serve the interests of the people of New York and of the nation now and in 1944.

Gerald in the Lyons' Den

THE company a man keeps has in all countries and all ages been considered a good criterion for judging him. We are indebted to the *Daily Worker* for the latest revelation of the ideological comrades-in-arms of Eugene Lyons, editor of the *American Mercury* and Soviet-baiter extraordinary. Lyons' book, *The Red Decade*, a collection of libels on well known American progressives, is being plugged and offered for sale at bargain rates by Gerald L. K. Smith, fuehrer of the America First Party, and by the *Western Voice*, fascist, anti-Semitic sheet published in Colorado. Feuhrer Smith describes the Lyons opus as "the most sensational book I have ever read on the subject of Stalinism, Communism, and the attempt on the part of the international revolutionists to take over our nation." Among the "international revolutionists" whom Lyons "exposes" in his book are such men as Dr. Robert Morss Lovett and William E. Dodd, Jr.—men whom President Roosevelt recently defended in a statement rebuking Congress for attempting, at the behest of Martin Dies, to deprive them of their government jobs.

The *Daily Worker's* disclosure has proved embarrassing not only to Lyons, but to his sponsors, the right-wing Dubinsky-Social Democratic clique in control of the state organization of the American Labor Party. They had expressed their approval of everything Lyons stands for by running him as candidate for delegate to the ALP judicial convention and for the county committee. The current issue of the Social Democratic *New Leader* publishes an "explanation" by Lyons that Gerald L. K. Smith did not inform him that he was peddling *The Red Decade* at fire-sale prices. This was downright careless of Gerald. In other words, there was no deal—merely a meeting of minds. For that matter, the Berlin radio also neglected to consult Lyons when it warmly praised his book at the time it appeared two years ago. The war evidently prevents proper diplomatic representation between the Axis and those who spread its doctrines in America.

The Case for Schappes

CHIEF Judge Irving Lehman of the New York State Court of Appeals dissents sharply from the action of his colleagues who last week affirmed the conviction of Morris U. Schappes on a charge of "perjury." Judge Lehman finds that the evidence "is insufficient to sustain a finding of guilt of perjury in the first degree upon the theory on which the case was tried or to sustain a finding that the 'program of the Communist International' was used in making the policy or guiding the action of the Communist unit at CCNY within the meaning of the charge of the trial judge." It is interesting to note that the other members of New York's highest court did not issue an opinion explaining their decision to uphold the conviction. In view of the importance of the case, and in view of the Chief Judge's disagreement, elementary justice would seem to have dictated more than a categorical rejection of the appeal.

But the case has from the start been surrounded with an atmosphere of prejudice which has frustrated justice. The charges against Schappes grew out of the inquisition against teachers in the New York City colleges conducted by the Rapp-Coudert committee. The evidence against Schappes, which Chief Judge Lehman describes as "insufficient," was offered by Red-baiters and stool pigeons who constantly contradicted their own testimony on the stand.

Morris U. Schappes

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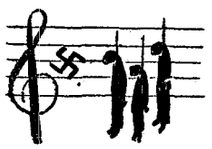
The case was first tried in an atmosphere of anti-Communist hysteria in which, as Judge Lehman notes, the program of the Communist International could be dragged in as a major issue when only the question of perjury was ostensibly involved. That a loyal and valuable anti-fascist fighter like Morris Schappes should face a prison sentence of from eighteen months to two years is a scandalous civic as well as personal injustice.

And yet that sentence will go into effect unless Governor Dewey exercises his power of executive clemency. It will be a great act of justice for him to do so. In the meantime we strongly urge every single one of our readers, who know Schappes' splendid qualities through his articles in this magazine, to support the Schappes Defense Committee. Please send as much money as you can possibly afford to the committee, whose address is 13 Astor Place, New York City.

Rescue Europe's Jews



IN HIS article on page 12 Ilya Ehrenburg describes in burning words the unspeakable horrors that Hitler has visited on the Jews in Nazi-occupied Russian territory. Change the names of the towns, and you have the story of Jews in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and in Germany itself. Of the 7,000,000 Jews in Europe outside of Russia, 3,000,000 have already been exterminated.

It is no wonder, then, that millions of American non-Jews, as well as Jews, are filled with indignation and search for some channel of escape for the tortured four million that still remain. During the past week the Emergency Conference to Save the Jews of Europe, meeting in New York, sought to give practical expression to this sentiment. The conference wisely steered away from a proposal made some months ago that Jews now in Axis satellite countries be redeemed at so much a head. Any such blackmail venture would open the way for all sorts of negotiated peace efforts. The program adopted by the conference proposes that the International Red Cross be utilized to urge the satellite governments to grant Jews the same treatment as other nationals and to permit Jews to leave. Measures were recommended to enable Jews who succeed in escaping to be transported to neutral countries and to Palestine and other territories. Proposals were also made for reprisals and threats of reprisals against the Nazis and their satellites if they persist in persecuting Jews.

Much of this program, if carried out, can be useful in individual cases. Yet one ought not to ignore the fact that at best these measures by themselves provide relief

Fighting Words

VICE PRESIDENT WALLACE has met the challenge of the defeatists and/or reactionary business-as-usualists who forced his dismissal as head of the Board of Economic Warfare and are scheming to take over the Democratic Party. His fighting speech in Detroit shows that the Vice-President, far from being cowed or crestfallen, is ready to give leadership to the millions of the common people who, come hell or high water, are determined that victory in both the war and the peace shall be theirs.

To those who hoped to drive a wedge between President Roosevelt and the Vice-President the opening sentence of Wallace's address must have proved a bitter disappointment. For he paid tribute to FDR as the symbol of the "dearest aspirations" of the peoples of Latin America, China, and occupied Europe. And he went on to put his finger on the enemy within: "There are powerful groups who hope to take advantage of the President's concentration on the war effort to destroy everything he has accomplished on the domestic front over the last ten years." These powerful groups he identified as isolationists, reactionaries, American fascists.

The greater part of Wallace's speech dealt with the peace and the postwar world, but his concern was with warning against the machinations of those "imperialistic freebooters" who are today sabotaging the war on the domestic front and who, "using the United States as a base, can make another war inevitable." Postwar questions, as Wallace presented them, thus become the vehicle for waging the battle for President Roosevelt's win-the-war policies. Moreover, on two most urgent immediate issues the Vice President spoke up with a boldness and clarity that should hearten all who work for a united nation and for flesh-and-blood democracy in war and in peace. Speaking in the center of the recent racial outbreaks and before an audience composed largely of war workers, Wallace minced no words in condemning as abettors of fascism "those who fan the fires of racial clashes" and those who seek the destruction of labor unions. In an unmistakable attack on the poll tax he demanded the vote for every American citizen "without regard to color or creed." And to the enemies of labor he declared that "97 percent of labor has cooperated 100 percent with our government in the war effort," and "let that group which can show a more comprehensive effort throw the first stone at labor."

In taking his stand unequivocally against both the Negro-baiters and labor-baiters, Wallace was clearly challenging the reactionary wing of the Democratic Party, the southern poll-taxers who have spawned both the racial incitements of a Representative Rankin and such divisive anti-labor legislation as the Connally-Smith Act. It is these fascist-minded Democrats, together with their counterparts in the Republican Party, who are after Wallace's scalp because he, like President Roosevelt, represents the "dearest aspirations" of millions of plain folk in all countries who are fighting this war to end fascism everywhere.

Complementing the four duties of the war which he had cited in his famous "Century of the Common Man" speech last year, the Vice President outlined three peacetime responsibilities: "the responsibility for enlightenment of the people, the responsibility for mobilizing peacetime production for full employment, the responsibility for planning world cooperation." He expressed his conviction that management, labor, and government must continue to work together in the peace to assure full employment and prevent a "return to a capitalism of scarcity such as that which produced both 1929 and 1932." And he linked this with the question of international cooperation, with the necessity of continuing "our splendid teamwork with the British" and of becoming "better acquainted with our new friends, the Russians."

Wallace's address was in the same rich, humanist tradition as his great "Century of the Common Man" speech and his no less significant speech at the Congress of American-Soviet Friendship last November. But what he had to say at Detroit was charged with a new militancy that bespoke his readiness to lead in the dust and heat of the day-to-day battle. We feel the Vice President's talk would have been strengthened had it been focused more on the immediate war issues which are decisive in shaping the peace. Yet the pattern of his thinking was in sharp contrast to the rootless, escapist "postwar planning" that has been popular among some liberals. Wallace's discussion of America's future was permeated with the struggles of the present. His words are a weapon in the war and a signpost for the peace.

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for an insignificant number of the 4,000,000 Jews in Nazi Europe. A glaring omission in this program and in the speeches at the conference was the failure to point out that for the overwhelming majority of Jews salvation can be achieved only through the most rapid military defeat and unconditional surrender of the Axis powers. Even the intercession of the Red Cross or any other agency with the satellite governments can have a chance of success only if accompanied by the pressure of military action.

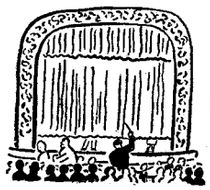
One wonders whether the absence of this indispensable note in the conference is related to the fact that its sponsors saw fit to confuse its high purpose by designating as two of its honorary chairmen William Randolph Hearst and Herbert Hoover. The latter also addressed the final session of the conference by telephone. The pro-fascist, defeatist policies of Hearst and Hoover have helped bring catastrophe to the Jews of Europe and to promote anti-Semitism in this country. Collaboration with them can only weaken the unity of Americans, Jews and non-Jews alike, behind the victory policies of their Commander-in-Chief and of the United Nations which offer the best hope of life and freedom to the Jews and all of Europe's and Asia's tormented millions.

Switzerland Leads

LEADERSHIP is being given workers throughout Europe by the people of Switzerland. In that oasis of freedom within the fascist-dominated continent, a unity embracing all sections of the working class is being fashioned. A Geneva dispatch of Inter-Continent News informs us of the decision of the Swiss Socialist Party's Central Committee to open their doors to other workers' parties hitherto banned and to convene a Congress on September 4 to carry out this decision. Up to now the Swiss workers have been split because of the refusal of the Socialist Party leadership to accept a policy of unity, collective security, and friendship toward the Soviet Union. As a consequence not only had the Communist Party been prevented from collaborating with the Socialists but two groups, the Socialist Federation and Socialist Youth, had broken away from the parent organization. The new decision of the Central Committee of the Socialist Party constitutes an invitation to these groups to establish unity on the basis of the program and constitution of the Socialists. At a joint conference of the Communists and the Socialist Federation held in June both parties agreed on this basis for unity.

These developments in Switzerland must be viewed in the light of a Europe which will become liberated in direct proportion to the degree of unity achieved by all the anti-fascist forces of each nation. It points a lesson to the leaders of the Labor Party in England who keep the British labor movement divided because of their refusal to accept the Communist offer of affiliation. The example set by Switzerland, moreover, will encourage similar trends in certain Latin American countries. Indeed, it will stimulate similar efforts throughout the world.

Bread—And Music



MAN does not fight with armaments alone. It is now generally acknowledged that the spirit of a people is an indispensable weapon in war. Mayor LaGuardia has just announced a project which we feel is a signal expression of the spirit that animates the people's fight against fascism. A non-profit corporation has been set up to provide cultural entertainment at popular prices at the city-owned Mecca Temple. The certificate of incorporation has been signed by forty-six public-spirited citizens, including officials of a number of CIO and AFL unions and leaders in the arts. Among them are Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union; William Feinberg, Local 802, American Federation of Musicians; Jacob Potofsky, secretary-treasurer, Amalgamated Clothing Workers; Saul Mills, secretary, Greater New York Industrial Union Council; Marshall Field, Lillian Gish, Paul Robeson, John Golden, Elmer Rice, Lawrence Tibbett, Robert Edmund Jones, Deems Taylor, and Bert Lytell.

A forty-week program is being planned to include music, drama, ballet, and other forms of stage entertainment. Other cities, please copy.

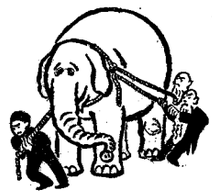
A Lie With Short Legs

THE North American Newspaper Alliance (Nana) owes the American public an apology. It spread through the newspapers of this country a completely false story that the film, *Mission to Moscow*, which has helped bring the truth about our Soviet ally to millions of Americans, will not be shown in the USSR. According to the Nana report, Premier Joseph Stalin was so displeased with the film when he saw it during Joseph E. Davies' second mission to Moscow, that at the end of the showing he left the room without saying a word to Davies.

This story was immediately picked up by the defeatist McCormick-Patterson press. Both the New York *Daily News* and the Washington *Times-Herald* published editorials and cartoons on it, and the editor of the latter, Frank C. Waldrop, wrote a special article in his best Goebbels vein.

Within a couple of days the Nana story was exposed as a fabrication when former ambassador Davies issued a sharp denial and a Moscow dispatch reported that the film "is now being supplied with Russian subtitles for distribution in Russia." The question remains: what was Nana's motive in concocting a story that could only injure American-Soviet friendship?

Republicans Confer



THE regional conference of the unofficial Republican Postwar Policy Association, held last week in New York, reflects the growing restlessness among rank-and-file Republicans with the "leadership" offered by Herbert Hoover, Sen. Robert Taft, and Col. Robert McCormick. In April 1942 the Republican National Committee was forced by the group around Wendell Willkie formally to eschew isolationism and to grant recognition to the fact that the country was at war. But having conceded a point in public, the top bosses of the party machine chose to ignore the declaration. They continued to press their holy war against the Commander-in-Chief, and only as an afterthought paid lip-service to the need for victory. In practice, they concentrated on blocking any all-out effort for victory.

The 1944 elections now loom ahead. The CIO has gone to the country to mobilize a people's coalition to talk turkey to obstructionist congressmen—and members of the Republican delegation, with too few exceptions, have proved themselves scornful of the national emergency. But while the machine says nay to the fullest prosecution of the war, Republican voters take their place in the struggle for national security. The New York meeting, one of similar regional conferences held throughout the country, is a step toward the defeat of the defeatists within the Republican Party; it indicates a growing unwillingness of the mass of Republicans to stick to appeasement-minded bosses just because they claim to speak for the party.

While we do not agree with everything said at the postwar policy meeting in New York, the general approach expressed in the resolutions must be welcomed by all who understand that national unity is the prerequisite for victory. The platform emphasized: "A complete military victory of the Allies and the unconditional surrender of the aggressor nations is the first essential to world peace." The delegates endorsed without reservation the strengthening of the United Nations, which "must remain united to secure international collaboration to prevent the recurrence of future wars."

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Where the conference proved weakest was in its failure to emphasize the need for national unity now; there was lacking any word on the necessity of stabilizing the economy, of passing equitable tax legislation, of putting an end to labor-baiting and other disruption, of passing the anti-poll tax bill, of supporting every measure that will assure a democratic domestic program for the fullest prosecution of the war. The call for postwar unity is important; but it can be achieved only by laying the foundation in action now.

The conference appointed a committee to meet with Harrison Spangler, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and to call on the Committee "to make an early pronouncement of its intended action." The isolationist gang's response is indicated by Sen. Robert Taft, who denounced the "hot-headed" delegates, and pled for discussion "on a high plane." Senator Taft's notion of what is elevated has been amply indicated in the past by his loving partiality for Wheeler, Ham Fish, Herbert Hoover, and his flirtation with such fascists as Gerald B. Winrod. Increasingly, the bulk of Republicans are beginning to wonder if "wholesome debate" is still in place on the question uppermost in the minds of the Hoover-Taft-McCormick clique—should the United States really fight and win this war?

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

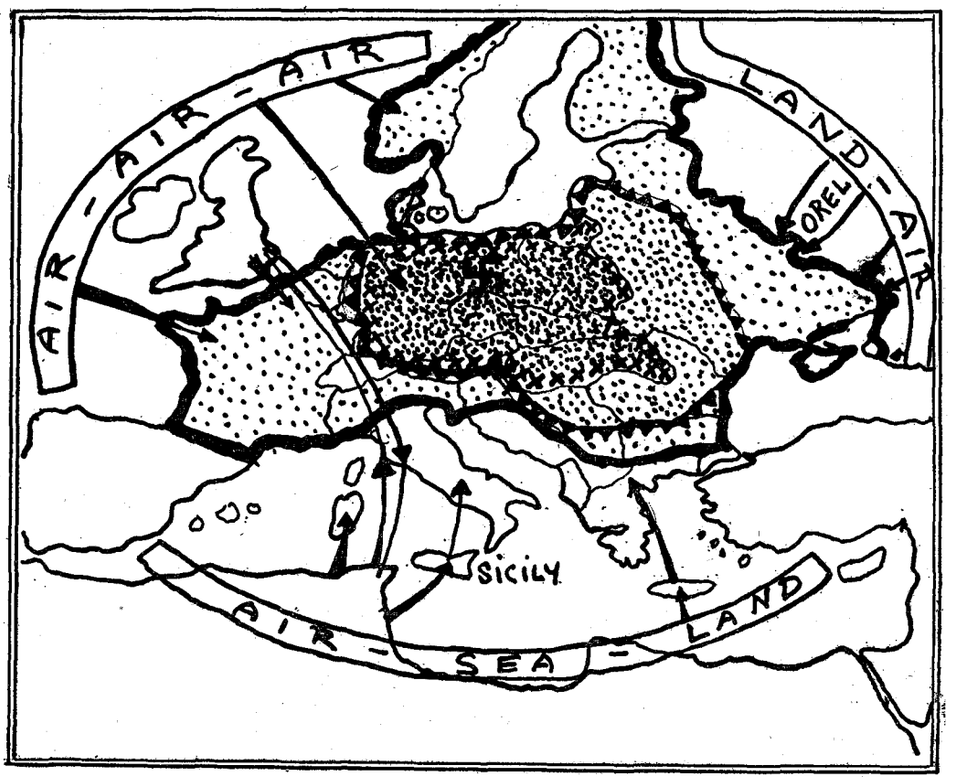
THE PLACE AND THE TIME

Look at the map on this page. *Festung Europa* is marked out with a heavy black line, which is the outer rim. That rim includes the Eastern Front, the coasts of Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, the line of the Po in Northern Italy, and the divide of the Balkans. Note that Middle and Southern Italy and the greater part of the Balkan Peninsula are *extra muros*, on the "glacis" of the Fortress, but not inside its walls. They are expendable as far as the German defenders of the Fortress are concerned. (At the precise moment when this was being written, news came through that Mussolini was out and that Marshal Badoglio was assuming direction of the Italian State. Badoglio will probably make peace offers to the Allies and the Germans will probably move down to the line of the Po and occupy Northern Italy to cover the approaches to the Brenner and the "Inner Fortress.")

Inside the Fortress there is an Inner Fortress, marked on the map with a line consisting of little triangles. This Inner Fortress is protected by the Maginot and Siegfried lines, the Big Alps, the Danube, and the line of Riga - Minsk - Odessa (roughly) in the East. And inside the inner fortress there is a "redoubt" or "National Reduit"—marked by line of crosses—to which the defenders can repair for a last stand. This "redoubt" is actually the Inner Fortress minus all the occupied regions of the Soviet Union and the remaining parts of Rumania and Yugoslavia. It includes Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. It is defended roughly by the line of the Rhine (Maginot and Siegfried), the Big Alps, the Carpathians, and the strategic line of the Soviet western border of September 1939.

This is how the stronghold of German fascism looks. Note that it does not include three of the four "appendices" or peninsulas of Europe. Spain, most of Italy and most of the Balkan Peninsula are *extra muros*. Scandinavia is included in the Outer Fortress mostly because it protects the entire Baltic area and covers the left flank of Germany's only important front —the Eastern Front. To give up Norway would mean to give up Finland, lose Swedish iron, and turn the Soviet Baltic Fleet loose in the Baltic. Neither Spain nor Italy nor the Balkans have such an immediate bearing upon the Eastern Front where Germany is keeping some 210 out of its 240 divisions. However, it must be pointed out that while Germany would not move a single division away from the Eastern Front to defend either Italy or the Balkan Peninsula, perhaps the Nazis would be inclined to move some troops to defend Norway—but they *couldn't do so* because the communications are too long and difficult.

The only place where the German High Command would and could rush a couple of score divisions from the Eastern Front is the western front of the Fortress, i.e., France, Belgium, or Holland. This would be possible because of the excellent east-west German communications across Europe. It we really want to effect this diversion so the Red Army can reach the ramparts of the Inner Fortress *this summer* we must strike precisely where the "syphoning off" of German divisions can take place quickly. It is this summer that the Allied armies should reach the Rhine so the Red Army can reach the line of the Dvina and Dnieper, leaving only the In-



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ner Fortress to the enemy. And remember that during the last war the Germans collapsed on foreign soil. There are reasons to believe that they will not be so good at defending the inner fortress and especially the "Redoubt" after a Stalingrad and a Tunis, as well as an Orel, a Kharkov, a Paris, a Liege, and an Amsterdam.

In other words, it is our contention that anything unpleasant happening to German arms outside the thick black line on this map will have only a *long range* effect on the outcome of the war; nothing but the cracking of that thick black line from two *opposite* sides will have an *immediate* effect on the outcome. In view of the fact that the Eastern Front is, geographically speaking, an invariable factor (because the Red Army is where it is and cannot be shifted to Norway, Italy, or France), the main attack must be launched on the side opposite the Eastern Front i.e., in France, Belgium or Holland. Furthermore, since it would be hard to argue that we do not want the war to end in Europe in 1943, such an attack must be launched this summer.

Now look at that map again. Around the Fortress of Europe you see a sort of ellipse broken in three places by Scandinavia, Spain, and Turkey. It looks like a three-jawed vise. And it *could* be a vise, if . . . I say "if" because a vise in order to be effective must have equally strong jaws made of the same material. Is this the case with our three-jawed vise? It is definitely not.

THE Red Army "jaw" exerts its pressure mainly in two dimensions—land and air—of which the first is the most important and the only decisive one. The northwestern "jaw" is merely an "air jaw" and acts in one dimension only. Here is the crux of the situation—the only hitch, the greatest *flaw* of our so-called coalition strategy.

The southern "jaw," strictly speaking, does act in the three dimensions—air, sea, and land. Thus the material of the three jaws is not uniform. But what about their strength? Is that equal at least? It is definitely not.

Inside Fortress Europe, as we said before, there are approximately 240 German divisions. (Let us discount all the "satellite" divisions which after their experiences in the Soviet Union are hardly good for anything except police work—with the exception of the Finnish divisions, and these could hardly be used by Germany against any United Nation outside the USSR.)

Of these 240 divisions 210 are concentrated on the Eastern Front. Note that on my map there are only two place names—Orel and Sicily. Orel symbolizes the fighting on the entire Eastern Front. Sicily—is just Sicily. Symbolically again, Orel means 210 German divisions engaged. Sicily means two German divisions engaged. (Let us forget about the Italian divisions.) Thus the ratio of the land pressure on the eastern jaw is 100 times that of the pressure on the southern jaw. There is no such pressure on the northwestern jaw at all.

The events in Italy have plainly shown that the Nazis refused to support Italy. They cannot support it because they have Orel on their hands. The reason for Mussolini's downfall is not so much Sicily as it is the collapse of the German summer offensive at Kursk and the Soviet counter-blow at Orel. Plain figures of divisions here and there are proof of that. If Germany could have afforded to shift ten German divisions to Italy, Mussolini would not have "resigned."

Even in the "air dimension," the pressure on the eastern jaw is heavier than on the others. Just count the losses on the various fronts and you will see. As to the "sea dimension," the eastern jaw experiences very little of that for the simple reason that at present there is no call for it. It will manifest itself more strongly in the Baltic and in the Black Sea the moment the flanks of the Soviet front have advanced somewhat to the West.

TO SUM up: an invasion of Italy, of Yugoslavia, or of Greece, while it would no doubt result in important gains, would not change the balance of forces on the Eastern Front appreciably. The stresses

"Brother, I think I smell something burning."

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in the vise would remain terribly out of balance.

Only application of strong three-dimensional pressure from the northwest would provide a fitting counterpart for the Eastern Front and through that—bring a decision in 1943.

And a decision in Europe would swiftly permit us to bring the one pressure which would make Japan collapse, i.e., a march through Burma into China to help clear the country of the Japanese and throw them back into their islands after which we could await their unconditional surrender. This is late July and it can still be done—between the mouths of the Seine and the Schelde.

AROUND THE WORLD

GERMANS AGAINST HITLER

If the manifesto of the Free Germans in the Soviet Union does nothing but deepen the deterioration of the Nazi rear, then it will have performed an invaluable service in the coalition's political warfare. But it is even more than a blow struck against the enemy's waning morale. The document's historical value, as well as its immediate impact on the fear-ridden, average German, is to show him the road to redemption by taking the initiative against the keepers of his national prison. What has undoubtedly played a part in preventing German resistance from rising to the surface and asserting itself as a not inconsiderable force is the fear cultivated by the Nazi hierarchy that defeat spells the dismemberment of the nation, that the foes of Germany have nothing in store for it but further thralldom as a conquered people. Goebbels and Hitler have been abetted in this propaganda by the declarations of a Lord Vansittart, who from Britain has called for the extermination of Germany; it has been given added weight by editorials and articles in sections of the Allied press calling for the complete annihilation of German industry and the indiscriminate labeling of all Germans as monsters unworthy of the slightest concern. Such pronouncements have had the effect in the past of negating the appeals of Allied leadership to the German people.

The signers of the Free German statement are obviously keenly sensitive to these fears of their countrymen. They raise high the hope that Germans, by now taking their destiny into their own hands and destroying the Nazi government apparatus, its personnel and the men behind it, will "win the right to decide their fate themselves, and other nations will take them into consideration." By warning Germans that their defeat is inevitable but that catastrophe can be averted by turning on their aggressors, the morale of the anti-Hitler forces within Germany is strengthened and gives these nuclei—in the factories, in religious life, in the army, and in the universities—the means of enlisting greater support than they have had in the past.

Significant is the fact that while many of the manifesto's signers are writers, former Reichstag deputies, and trade union officials, the majority of them are officers in the lower ranks and soldiers of the German army. It is these who have suffered most the successive defeats on the Eastern Front and it is they who address their former comrades-in-arms to use their weapons against those who drive them to more senseless battles. And it is also they who will play one of the decisive roles in ridding Germany of the Hitlerites.

That a National Committee of Free Germans should have organized itself on Soviet soil was inevitable. There are more Germans in the USSR as prisoners, as deserters, as refugees from the Hitler terror —not to mention those killed in the slaughter of Stalingrad, Sevastopol, Moscow, Leningrad, and now Orel—than there are in any other country outside of Germany itself. Thousands of them have been taught by the violence of war what they could never have learned inside the walls of Germany. A good many of them, although they may have been former Nazis, have had the truth churn their minds and now see the deviltry which Hitler loosed on their own country. Many of them, especially the older ones, have been anti-Hitler for years. And the refugees such as Johannes Becher, Friedrich Wolf, Willi Bredel have always been among the staunchest democrats of Europe. Would it be unnatural for a group of them to want to save their fatherland by proposing a democratic government and a democratic program of reconstruction? Hardly.

Their views run parallel to those expressed in the brilliant monthly magazine *Free Germany* published by anti-fascist Germans living in Mexico, who include such people as Anna Seghers and Ludwig Renn. It is a member of this little heroic band, the former Reichstag deputy, Paul Merker, who recently published an invaluable pamphlet, *Whither Germany?*, that agrees in every important respect with the ideas of the group in Moscow. Such groups are to be found in all Allied countries *and within Germany itself*. For not to be forgotten for a moment is the secret conference of the German anti-fascist opposition which took place in a western German city several months ago. It adopted ten points, disseminated throughout Germany by radio and leaflet, which are almost identical with the program of their brothers to the east.

The confluence of these programs and the work of these committees is the answer of the genuinely democratic Germans to the reactionary and dangerous ideas recently expressed by Kingsbury Smith in the *American Mercury* and in the writings of Otto Strasser and Herman Rauschning. They, among others, it must be noted, have influenced certain Washington and London circles who now evince a predilection for a carved-up postwar Germany. It is these circles who would also bar the full participation of the Soviet Union from a European peace settlement.

It was of course to be expected that the malicious and the stupid would detect the brewing of another Moscow "conspiracy" behind the fact that Soviet newspapers, particularly *Pravda*, have publicized the Free German manifesto. The USSR months ago enunciated its position on Germany. On the twenty-fifth birthday of the Revolution last November, Stalin declared that "It is not our aim to destroy Germany, for it is impossible to destroy Germany, just as it is impossible to destroy Russia. But the Hitlerite state can and should be destroyed. And our first task in fact is to destroy the Hitlerite state and its inspirers. . . . It is not our aim to destroy all the organized military force in Germany, for every literate person will understand that that is not only impossible in regard to Germany, as it is in regard to Russia, but also inadvisable from the point of view of victory. But Hitler's army can and should be destroyed. Our second task is in fact to destroy Hitler's army and its leaders. . . . Our third task is to destroy the hated 'new order of Europe' and to punish its builders. Such are our tasks."

If the war is not to be unduly prolonged, thereby giving Hitler longer life, then the first objective is to open a

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second front in Europe. But if in addition the war can be shortened by rallying the German people against their rulers, then even the most light-minded tactician will see the value of promoting the work of anti-Hitler Germans. This is what the OWI has tried to do in broadcasts to Germany and that was exactly the intention, it seems to me, when the Soviet press prominently displayed the Free German statement and lent short-wave facilities for its transmission to Germany.

Germans will respond more readily to the Allied call to revolt if they can be given the assurance that theirs will be a democratic future—a future that is theirs to map. A United Nations policy on postwar Germany is therefore urgent. No such open policy exists as yet, certainly not in our own country. If we are to fashion a wholesome policy, our best advisers would be those among the known and tested anti-fascists, who have nothing in common with a Bruening, a Strasser, or a Rauschning, and who can speak for the German people and give them leadership. We can make these devoted anti-fascists our friends or we can give them the cold shoulder. But if we follow the latter course we sh[illegible] precious allies and cultivate the suspic[illegible] that our designs are in conflict with the professions of the Atlantic Charter or with the ideals expressed by our Undersecretary of State, Sumner Welles, who in May, 1942, said that the war "must assure the sovereign equality of peoples throughout the world." The manifesto of the Free Germans might well be the starting point for the fashioning of an Allied policy toward Germany—the pivot around which the peace settlement in Europe will revolve.

JOHN STUART.

WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

TOO MUCH PRODUCTION?

Washington.

EACH day the War Department issues a casualty list. The death of our youth on the many battlefronts of the war is the terrible price we pay to preserve the integrity and security of our nation. We know that the expenditure of American lives is reduced as we augment the numbers of planes, guns, tanks, shells at the disposal of our troops. The landing in Sicily cost comparatively little in American blood, because the action was vigorously prepared and our army was magnificently equipped.

Yet even as we take the offensive, a campaign gains momentum at home to reduce the quantity and quality of material destined for our fighting forces. This campaign threatens the lives of Americans in uniform; if allowed to continue, it can well become the enemy's most effective secret weapon. The purpose of this most recent attack on the home front is to mislead our nation into premature over-confidence, the first step toward apathy and defeat. The secret weapon is peddled in the seemingly innocuous wrappings of "reconversion to civilian production."

NOT all who wield this weapon are conscious of their service to the Axis. The most ominous example of this propaganda appeared last week in the *Saturday Evening Post*. I am not accusing either the editors or the writer of bad faith or lack of patriotism. But motives aside, the *Post* endangers the war effort and serves the advocates of negotiated peace.

The article, entitled "How Soon Can We Expect More Civilian Goods?", appeared in the *Post* dated July 17, signed by Frederick H. McDonald, a consulting engineer from Charleston, S. C. The theme is best stated in the author's own words: "In my opinion, a gradual switch-over (to peacetime production) can soon be initiated without in any way diminishing the flow of supplies to our own fighting men and those of our Allies." Mr. McDonald goes on to "prove" his contention that we are producing war goods in such amounts that we can begin to plan for the reconversion of our plants to the production of civilian supplies. "The momentum of war production," he writes, "is beginning to necessitate cut-backs. . . . Our industrial efficiency has enabled us to complete our shipyards and our plane, gun, and other factories ahead of projected schedules. . . . Every day is bringing straws in the wind which show that we are making elbow room for the resumption of civilian production. . . . Our war plant is set. . . . We are gradually going to free one hand to resume normal business."

In other words, Mr. McDonald insists that we are over-producing, and he proposes an immediate shift to peacetime practices. He doesn't designate what sort of civilian goods we should turn out first; but he indicates that he is thinking particularly of products made of metal—specifically, of copper, steel, and aluminum. Nor is he talking of a few inexpensive items; he seems to mean production worth bothering about, such as refrigerators, electrical equipment, steel for construction of apartment houses and private dwellings, automobiles. This nation, he reiterates, can now readily supply the armed forces of the United Nations with a surplus of armaments; it should begin reverting to "normal business."

The *Post* published this article in the face of the following information:

On June 11, 1943, C. E. Wilson, executive vice-chairman of the War Production Board, commented on widespread rumors to the effect that the need for armaments is tapering off: "Let me say right here that these rumors are not merely totally false—they are also extremely dangerous. They have the familiar ring of enemy propaganda. They are precisely what Hitler and Tojo would like us to think."

On June 12 the Office of War Information released a report on 1942 production, pointing out that objectives had been revised downward from $68,000,000,000 to $51,000,000,000, but even so production in 1942 totalled only $40,500,000,000, twenty-five percent short of the revised goals.

THE reasons given by WPB for this failure were fourfold: (1) objectives were too high; (2) critical resources proved increasingly scarce; (3) there was an insufficient coordination of the resources available in the country, primarily because, (4) production schedules were not centrally planned. At present, production goals are difficult to meet because of continuing shortages, especially of critical metals. Military requirements for steel have increased thirty-one percent, for example; the aluminum supply is tight, the copper supply is very short. Scarcity of vital materials remains the chief factor limiting production in 1943.

On June 14 Donald Nelson, head of WPB, recommended that civilian production be stopped entirely in critical labor shortage areas, and predicted leaner days ahead for civilians.

On June 18 J. A. Krug, program vice-

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man of WPB, reported that shortages necessitated the scaling down by twenty-five percent of Army and Navy requests for carbon steel. He added that supplies of alloy steel, copper, and aluminum had become more difficult to get.

On June 19 Robert P. Patterson, Undersecretary of War, told reporters at a press conference: "The War Department is concerned over the Army production situation." May output of needed materials for the ground forces, scheduled to exceed April by two percent, actually fell by 3½ percent. This 5½ percent drop from March means that "troops in training must be deprived of critical materials. . . . If this situation continues, even our overseas troops will suffer from shortages of critical equipment." Mr. Patterson went on: "I would attribute the let-down in May to overconfidence . . . to rumors of vast quantities of Army supplies being stored up here in America . . . and to the mistaken belief on the part of many that materials in great quantities will shortly become available for the reconversion of many war facilities to the production of less essential civilian items."

In June Lieut. Gen. Brehon Somervell, commanding general, Army Service Forces, wrote: "Our military strategy must necessarily be limited to our capacity to produce the machinery of war." General Somervell stated that originally 1943 military strategy called for $92,000,000,000 of supplies, but when the general staff was informed that productive capacity and shortages of critical materials would limit supplies to a maximum of $75,000,000,000 for 1943, strategy was of necessity altered.

Early in July Donald Nelson announced that June production was $500,000,000 behind goals. The value of merchant shipping produced in May was four percent under April levels.

Also in July C. E. Wilson reported: "When we talk of the necessity for increasing output by fifty percent in the closing months of this year, we aren't speaking out of a childish desire to 'beat last month's figures,' nor are we engaging in some sort of silly 'numbers racket.' This is a deadly business in which the weight of munitions we can produce is going to be a deciding factor in the war."

THE *Post* article argues from the premise of a plentiful supply of critical materials. (C. E. Wilson declared on June 11: "We must crack the raw material bottleneck. The supply of basic raw materials must be increased.") The *Post* article assumes that we have more than a sufficient stockpile of most armaments, and that continued production will merely prove wasteful. Spokesmen of both WPB and the army command deny these assumptions.

The *Post* article is only one gun in the campaign for reconversion. Unfortunately Arthur D. Whiteside, the new chief of WPB's Office of Civilian Requirements, delivered a speech in New York (his first after taking office), which strengthened the illusion that reconversion was just around the corner. A charitable interpretation of Mr. Whiteside's singularly unclear remarks would credit him with an attempt to advance a program of reasonable balance between war production and the output of those civilian supplies considered indispensable to the most efficient prosecution of the war. The manufacture of surgical instruments, dental drills, screening for windows in insect areas, alarm clocks for war workers, soap, nails, stoves for war housing, and other similar items is undoubtedly essential. But to achieve a proper balance between civilian and military requirements does not imply, as Mr. McDonald would have us believe, that henceforward each manufacturer should begin shifting to peacetime pursuits.

Moreover, Mr. McDonald misrepresents certain aspects of the problem. Just because needed factories, military encampments, warehouses, etc., have been erected, just because retooling is almost accomplished—this does not eliminate the need to shift this liberated labor and facilities to other war enterprises. Those plants producing military items for which the demand has been cut cannot be allowed to resume civilian pursuits so long as such a transfer would put a drain on critical materials.

Most of Mr. McDonald's arguments are false. He claims that we have exceeded schedules, but this is flatly denied by Donald Nelson, C. E. Wilson, General Somervell, the Departments of War and Navy. He boasts "our war plant is about set," but he conveniently disregards the findings of the Senate's Truman committee, the lamentable record of Ford's Willow Run bomber plant, the four to six months' lag in steel. He ignores material shortages which have forced the army to get along with reduced equipment. He blithely assumes that cutbacks result from over-supply, whereas in reality they represent a shortage of vital materials and a deficit of equipment.

Over-eagerness for reconversion can endanger morale. Besides, the drive to pay less attention to the war is fed by the vacillation of certain government officials. On July 14, WPB's Office of Civilian Requirements announced: "We have no desire to cut civilian goods to bedrock." This excursion into "leniency" coincided with the statement by WPB chief Donald Nelson: "If we are to meet our over-all schedules for 1943, the American industrial front faces a staggering job in the months ahead." How reconcile the demand for a "staggering" effort with a lack of "desire" to pare civilian goods to the very minimum consistent with efficiency? Or how should the public interpret Mr. Nelson's excited praise for the remarkable progress made on the production front which is followed, almost in the same breath, with heartfelt laments over our inability to fulfill objectives? And how should we take Mr. Nelson's encouragement to his sometimes consultant Ernest Kanzler, brother-in-law of the late Edsel Ford, who has just prepared a "secret" report on the "benefits" to be gained from reconversion? Whatever the Kanzler report contains, rumors of its findings have convinced far too many industrialists (just itching to be convinced) that the United States has over-produced war materials; that the time has come to divert more materials to civilian consumption; that victory in Europe is as good as won; and that the war with Japan can be conducted as a sideshow, at our leisure.

James Byrnes, head of the Office of War Mobilization, also does his bit to foster a general letdown. He neglects to act on President Roosevelt's instructions to plan and integrate our economy. Despite the danger to the war, Mr. Byrnes still attempts to appease the laggards and to "win over" the advocates of normal business methods. He has yet to think in terms of control to maintain a correct balance between military and civilian requirements.

THE *Post* article is an opening gun in the new offensive against the all-out war effort. Herbert Hoover helped launch the campaign. How revealing to catch Mr. McDonald urging reconversion because "The need for tax programs to absorb purchasing power should be lessened . . . and many plants should be able to charge some reconversions to current operations, in lieu of excess taxes." Or more brutally—keep taxes down, let the poor pay for the war, and above all, don't permit anything to interfere with profits. The NAM has been saying this ever since Pearl Harbor.

Not surprisingly the *Post* defends business-as-usual, and therefore a delayed victory. The prophets of reconversion favor a leisurely war—though the fruits of leisure can well be national disaster. Mr. McDonald painstakingly popularizes ideas which WPB's C. E. Wilson declares are "precisely what Hitler and Tojo would like us to think." The campaign to slow up the production effort has so affected the nation that Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox feels constrained to warn over the radio: "A steady loss of production in war plants, now in its third month, and . . . an almost criminal-careless belief that the war has already been won . . . will bring about the cruel and unnecessary deaths of many thousands of Americans in uniform." Reconversion can only mean less guns, less tanks, less planes, less shells for the battlefronts—and a mounting toll of blood and lives.

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Your Brother's Blood Cries Out

BY ILYA EHRENBURG

I HAVE seen much in these past years of war. We have, most of us, seen human torment. Nevertheless I must tell you what Hitlerites are doing to Jews in Russia. I must tell you about the murder of babies. I cannot remain silent: shadows of the dead hover over me. I know that my words are pale. Who can describe the vision of hell? I shall write only about what I know. The following is a dry protocol.

Not a single Jew, not a single Jewish woman or child is left in German occupied Ukraine, Byelorussia, or in regions where the Germans set foot.

Let me tell you what took place in the Caucasian health resort Essentuki. Germans occupied the town Aug. 1, 1942. On August 5 the German commandant announced the registration of Jews. Nine thousand, nine hundred and sixty-seven persons were registered. All Jews, including old folk and children from ten years upwards, were dispatched to back-breaking toil. Lieutenant Pfeifer, "in charge of Jewish matters," tormented his victims. September 7: The commandant of the town, Von Bek, published an order whereby all Jews in Essentuki were told to appear at the premises of the "Jewish Committee" with handbaggage weighing up to thirty kilograms, plate, spoon, and food for three days. The order stated that Jews would be sent to a "sparsely populated locality." September 10: Jews were placed on trucks and taken to the town of Mineralniye Vodi—their belongings were there—and then distributed among police. The Jews were taken to a ditch. Children's legs were smeared with poisonous liquid. Adults were ordered to strip—the Germans placed clothing and footwear on trucks. Those who tried to escape were shot. And then the Jews were driven into a ditch in groups and killed. All Jews living in Mineralniye Vodi, in Pyatigorsk, and Kislovodsk, were killed near the glass works. More than 10,000 mutilated corpses were found in this ditch, piled up in several rows. The glass factory workers put up a memorial plaque to more than 10,000 Jews put to death by Hitlerites in the ditch.

In Stavropol Jews were annihilated on Aug. 14, 1942. They too were rounded up by deceit. They were promised they would be transferred to an "area sparsely populated." They were undressed, placed in hermetically closed cars where they died from poison gases within eight minutes, taken beyond town and thrown into a ditch. Twelve-year-old Lina Pankina escaped the common fate: her mother didn't take her along. All day German soldiers armed with tommy-guns hunted for a twelve-year-old girl. On the following day Lina, despite advice from neighbors who hid her, went to the Gestapo and said, "I want my mother." The Germans killed her. They made packages of things taken away from the Jews. Some 200 bundles of clothing stripped from women and children before they were executed were sent to Germany. In the village of Izobelnoye near Stavropol, Hitlerites killed sixty-two Jews in public; among them were thirty-eight children up to the age of ten.

ON THE "Bolshevik" State Farm in Ipatov district, the Germans shot twenty-six Jewish children and threw their bodies into a well. These executions have been witnessed by thousands. People say: "Since that day we cannot sleep—we always see before us murdered children. . . ." In Morozovka a venerable Jewish doctor, Ilya Kremenchuzhky, lived with his wife and two daughters. The husband of one of the daughters who had a baby was away at the front. Mrs. Kremenchuzhky's wire to a Russian escaped by a sheer miracle. This is what she related: "The Germans killed 248 Jews. They rode to our house in the evening and cried out: 'Is Doctor Kremenchuzhky here? Come out together with your family.'

"My husband realized immediately what was going to happen. In the truck he gave me and my daughters each a powder containing poison and told us to swallow it when he lifted his hand. He left one powder for himself. We were brought to a cell which was so crowded that there was standing room only. Outside the windows men yelled: 'We'll soon finish you off.'

"The children cried. Some of the women got hysterical. My younger daughter wanted to swallow the poison, but my husband pulled it out of her hand and said: 'You cannot do that. Just imagine what will happen to the others. We must support them and share a common lot.' And then my husband said two words in Jewish 'Brother Jews.' Those were the only two Jewish words he knew. Everybody listened. My husband said: 'We must die with dignity—without cries, without tears. Don't give the executioners satisfaction. I ask you, brothers and sisters, to remain silent!' Afterwards they began to kill those in the yard. Nobody cried out. I wanted to save my grandchild and ran away. A schoolteacher, Suichev, saved us. . . ."

In Belgorod a Russian student, Tamara Savitskaya, was shot together with the Jews. She was the wife of a Jew, Lifshitz. Savitskaya had a four-year-old boy who was to be killed along with the other Jews. The mother went to the execution with her son. One Jew survived in Kursk, one mad old woman survived in Voroshilovgrad—she ran away from the town and roamed the field. One Jew survived in Rostov, three in Kharkov; one hundred thousand were shot or poisoned by Germans. Children were poisoned.

THIS is the truth which the world must know. In their diaries and letters German officers and soldiers gleefully describe the destruction of Jews. Thus Sergeant Major Schubert of the 299th Infantry Division writes in his diary about the "scientific experiments" of Hitlerites: "Jews are placed in special vans where they are gassed and their corpses afterward dug into the ground with excavators."

What's taking place or, more correctly speaking, what took place in towns still occupied by Germans? We know about this from the testimony of those fortunate ones who accidentally escaped from the executioners' claws. A student in Moscow University was saved by Russian inhabitants in Smolensk. She told me about the destruction of Jews in that city. When the Germans occupied Smolensk they transferred Jews into a camp which they called the Ghetto. There the Germans tormented their victims. They forced old men to dance and then killed them, raped Jewish girls, buried children alive in the presence of their mothers with the words: "We are sowing Jews—new ones will grow up."

In July 1942 the remaining 1,500 Jews were led out of the "Ghetto," placed in hermetically closed cars where they suffocated, and their corpses buried seven kilometers outside the city. In Krupka, Germans, as far back as October 1941, shot some 1,000 Jews. They drove them into a swamp, forced them to strip, and then shot them. Among the victims were small children and old people. In Kolopovichi 900 Jews were buried in a sand pit. A Red Armyman, Alexander Shapiro, who escaped from German captiv-

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ity, was in Dnepropetrovsk. On Oct. 16, 1941, Germans shot 26,000 Jews there. He was also in Pavlograd where Hitlerites put to death 40,000 Jews on Oct. 12, 1941. In Kharkov 13,000 Jews were shot in the yard of a factory plant. In November 1941 they killed 2,000 Jews in Poltava.

Figures tell the heart nothing. People grow accustomed to them. But behind these figures I want people to hear the cries of babies, the wailing of mothers. In Vitebsk Nazis buried Jewish children alive and inhabitants of that city will never forget the heartrending cries coming from under the ground. One of the Vitebsk inhabitants who made his escape said to me: "I heard the very earth crying." This man, who saw much of death, who lost his family, who was twice wounded, covered his eyes with his hands when he told me this.

In the village of Volnavakho Germans rounded up eighty Jews in a shed and then set it afire.

In the flames children sent up heartrending cries, but the Germans laughed. There is not a single form of torture or execution which the Nazis have not used against the Jews. German soldiers armed to the teeth hunted after babies. They killed their victims with an axe or gas, they killed them primitively or "scientifically." They deceived them: everywhere they said that they were taking Jews to work, only to kill them afterwards. They took clothing from their tortured victims, and girls in Germany parade about in dresses stripped from murdered Jewish girls.

I AM surrounded by the shadow of death. I see people, soldiers, officers of the Red Army, Jews by nationality, who learn every day that their wives, their children, their mothers were killed by Hitlerites. I must speak: both the living and the dead demand this. The conscience demands this. On our soil Germans also kill Jews from other countries. Red Armyman Yefim Leinov, who escaped from a war prisoners' camp in Minsk, relates how the Germans killed Jews from Byelorussia and Jews from Hamburg. In the Minsk ghetto Germans kept 20,000 Jews from Minsk, western Byelorussia, and 10,000 Jews from Hamburg. Among them were professors and handicraftsmen, physicians and musicians, people of all professions. Every Saturday the Germans led a group of doomed victims out of camp. In a column moved old folk, women carrying their children. Musicians were forced to play *Kol Nidre* (traditional Hebrew chant of the Day of Atonement), or fragments from Halevy's opera *La Juive*. The doomed were led to a ditch where they were mowed down by machine-gun fire and then buried while still alive.

Two hundred orphans were rounded up individually. Their brains were dashed out against stones or poles. Throughout the summer of 1942 Hitlerites brought Jews from western Europe to Minsk allegedly to work: from France, Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia. They came with suitcases and traveling bags. Immediately upon their arrival they were taken to army barracks, eight kilometers outside Minsk. There they were placed in hermetically closed cars and taken to ditches. Red Armyman Yefim Leinov talked to a number of the doomed. He witnessed mass executions.

HOW to describe this? I grew up in Moscow. Russian is my native tongue. I don't know the Jewish language. I am a Russian writer, a Soviet citizen, a person who prizes European culture. Now I feel bound to the Jews by the torments of the people—torments that have no precedent. The Jews in Russia always loved their country. Not once, even in the somber days of the Kishenev pogrom, did the Jews associate the crimes of czarist police with the feeling of the Russian people.

Jews driven out of Russia by pogroms never forgot their attachment for their lost country. I have met Jews in Turkey, in France, in Holland, who retained their love for Russia and for the Russian language. In the years of the first world war, Jews fought courageously for the native land. They didn't fight for the czar, they fought for Russia. They knew the generous nature of the Russian people and

Gropper (from the Jewish magazine "New Currents")

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Gropper (from the Jewish magazine "New Currents")

their desire for the truth. And today Jews of the Soviet Union are in the front ranks. Their courage cannot be measured, their sacrifices are incalculable, their bloodshed cannot be weighed. To put it briefly, Jews are performing their duty.

I ADDRESS Jews in other countries and above all Jews in America. You now know what Hitler has in store for you. You know what fascists have done to your brothers and sisters. Can you sleep calmly in New York? Isn't your rest disturbed by cries of tortured children in Minsk and Piatigorsk? You will say that you've given your money and your sons. That doesn't count. Give everything. Remember how a mother screamed when her child was brained. Of what good is it to you if you save part of your belongings? Fascists will come and kill you, too. They will kill your children, your grandchildren. You have sent your sons to the army? Join up yourself. You must kill Nazis, otherwise they will kill you. You're in the army? Demand that you be sent to the front lines. Hurry your compatriots. You are reinforced by millions of tortured victims. You are supported by millions of doomed. If Hitler rules another year or two not a single Jew will be left in Europe. You have a right to demand: "Send us to the continent." Jews in Palestine, you have a right to say, "We don't want to march in the rear, we want to save our sisters."

Jews of neutral countries, forget about tranquillity, about rules and regulations. Hasten to belligerent countries, give your possessions, your life. Curses on those who hide in this terrible year! Writers, friends, lovers of the truth, you must say your word. I cannot appeal to those whose mouths are sealed by fascists, above all to Romain Rolland. I appeal to those who can speak—to H. G. Wells, to Ernest Hemingway, to J. B. Priestley, to Sinclair Lewis, to Thomas Mann, to Georges Bernanos, to Jose Bergamin, to Pablo Neruda.

Who, if not you, are defenders of the humiliated and the abused? Curse appeasers, tell the world that people who intercede for mercy for assassins aren't humanitarians but accomplices of murder. Champion the honor of the dead. Remember that you are descendants of ancient prophets. You know words of love, let love tell you other words—justice. I want to tell the people of all nations, of all religions, of all views: May the fate of millions of Jews tortured to death serve as a lesson. In the towns of Russia, Nazis, having exterminated Jews, now exterminate Russians, Ukrainians, and Byelorussians. At first the Germans said to the Russians: "We'll kill Jews and spare you. You will be our slaves. Be glad that the others are worse off than you."

Now that they have killed all Jews, Hitlerites are killing Russians. They are destroying the populations of whole villages. They shoot Russian children and old people. Hitler openly boasted that he had decided to destroy the Jewish people. He doesn't openly speak about his secret dream: To destroy all nations with the exception of the German. He doesn't speak of this, but his soldiers, his Gestapo agents, his SS men, kill Russians and Frenchmen, Poles and Czechs. Let the blood of the Jewish children fan the wrath of the world. According to the fascists' plans, the murder of millions of innocent Jews was a prologue. The epilogue may still be the blackest epoch in the history of the world. In the name of the dead and the living, I say to you: Into battle! Time doesn't wait. Every minute's delay will be on the conscience of those who postpone action.

ILYA EHRENBURG.

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WRESTLING WITH JIM CROW

A Southerner discovers the real South, which is not all magnolia. Where "white supremacy" begins —and ends. Unity between Negro and white workers.

CAN race prejudice be cured? The most authoritative answer would come from the Jews or the Khirgiz or the Ukrainians in Soviet Russia. They would say with emphasis, "Yes, certainly," and would show us how, under a people's government which abolished exploitation of man by man, and which took the offensive with an educational program against race prejudice, members of formerly persecuted nationalities became the admitted equals of all.

But there exist among us, persons who are unwilling to benefit by man's international experience, who can be convinced only by arguments drawn from happenings within our own boundaries. Since I have had almost thirty-seven years of experience with the race question within these boundaries—all but six of them in the Deep South—I shall try to answer the question subject to their conditions.

My father was a white-collar worker and my mother a school teacher. My father's people were small farmers and lay preachers; my mother's owned a few slaves. My parents never participated in a lynching, and that goes, I believe, for ninety-nine percent of the southern people. But it was taken for granted in my home that Negroes were inferior to whites and were destined by the Almighty as the hewers of wood and the drawers of water.

Of course, children absorb such ideas only with difficulty, but they do absorb them. I remember (either directly or because the story was perennially recounted in our home) that when I was about five years old, my favorite playmates were three little Negro children of my own age who lived in an alley behind our house in Laurel, Miss. We were hard at our game under the back porch one hot afternoon when suddenly my parents came looking for me to show me off to some grown-up visitors. My mother called to me and I came out from our "cave" followed by my playmates. But when I saw the visitors, I turned to my friends and whispered hoarsely but audibly, "Stay back! Stay back!" Even at that age I had evidently been made acutely aware of the social stigma attached to a dark skin.

No southern white has ever been able to evade the Negro question. It is always there demanding, compelling attention. The southern white tries to find for himself an attitude toward the Negro, an attitude by which he can live and which he can relate to his entire approach to the life about him. The difficulty usually is that once he has placed the Negro neatly in a pigeonhole, the Negro doesn't stay there. It is the same whether the white man's attitude is the comfortable one, borrowed from the Octavus Roy Cohen stories that Negroes are good-natured buffoons; or the stupid one taken from the *Gone with the Wind* fiction that the Negro people just dote on runnin' and fetchin' for the white folks; or the vicious one, presented by Thomas Dixon in *The Clansmen*, that Negroes are cruel and sinister sub-humans, bent on dominating the whites. No doubt some southern whites, after choosing their attitude from the assorted lot, persist in it by blinding themselves to the facts which daily refute it. But most southern whites, being normal human beings, have some contact with reality which is highly destructive to their pet preconceptions, and they are constantly forced to readjust their attitudes.

WHEN I was about twelve, I recall, I had an experience which did not immediately cement any bonds between myself and the Negro people, but certainly did much to rid my mind of any sentimental notions about them. After that, I had to take the Negro people seriously.

On that day, when school let out, I went with Joe Bergstein and another classmate to Joe's house. Joe and his family lived over a small grocery store which his father operated on Davis Avenue, the heart of Mobile's Negro district. It was some ten blocks from Raphael Semmes school to our destination, and our way led by a small one-room Negro schoolhouse. As we passed, a group of Negro girls were drinking water from the hydrant in the yard. Joe, who was precocious in such matters, shouted out some indecency at them. Through the window the young Negro school teacher saw us and of course heard Joe. She made some remark to the boys in the class room and in a split second, they were pouring through the door and across the yard toward us.

"Run," said Joe, and we did, with the Negro boys in hot pursuit.

Gang fights between Negro and white boys are a common phenomenon in southern life, and although we chose—wisely—to run rather than fight, the incident belongs in this category. One may deplore gang fights—and of course I do—but they have at least this virtue, that white boys who have had part in them recognize that the Negro people are human beings like themselves who lay claim to certain rights and are ready to fight for them. This provides a far healthier basis for proper relations between Negro and white than the sentimental condescension that sometimes passes for humanitarianism.

This is a part of the business of getting to know Negroes, and wherever southern whites have overcome their race prejudice, they have first been thrown into some sort of regular and normal contact with Negroes. I don't mean the contact of a boss and an employe, or the contact of the waited-upon and the servant. I mean the kind of contact in which there is an *element* of equality, if not genuine equality.

For me that was difficult. As a printer's devil and then a cub reporter, I saw Negroes as the fellows that swept up the shop or as prisoners at the county jail who were good for a couple of paragraphs on an inside page. It was not until I went North to college and sat in class with Negro students—and later in my own dorm in lengthy bull sessions—that I had the good fortune to establish a close and friendly relationship with Negroes. These contacts and friendships prepared me to hear and believe science's contribution to the question, that there is no justification for theories of the inferiority or superiority of one or the other race.

But what I learned about the dignity and capacity of the Negro people in the course of years, the white industrial workers can learn and are learning in months and weeks. Negro and white workers have dug coal and ore and made pig iron and steel in Birmingham *together* almost since this city was born seventy-five years ago. With the advancing industrialization of the South, Negro and white workers are more and more thrown together in the production process and the trend has been speeded up during the war. Of course there are many jobs from which Negroes are barred, despite the President's Executive Order 8802, and in some communities and some industries, opposition has been organized against the participation of Negroes. But the trend is present, and despite a slackening here and a reverse there, it moves inexorably toward greater integration of white *and Negro* side by side in industry.

Negro and white cannot work side by side without getting to know each other, even though the white worker surrounds himself at first by a wall of diffidence, even incivility. But little by little that wall crumbles. With the coming of trade unionism, it tends to crumble faster.

THE reactionaries know these things far better than most of us. That is why they have not been content to rely on tradition and social *mores* to prevent free

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intercourse between Negro and white, but have surrounded the entire field of Negro and white relations with laws and ordinances to enforce complete separation wherever possible. This is the reason for the Jim Crow sections in the streetcars, the Jim Crow cars on the railroad trains, and prohibition of meetings of Negro and white unless the two groups are segregated.

A few months ago in Birmingham police arrested a young white professor from a neighboring college, his wife, and a Negro youth leader, because they were at lunch together in a Negro restaurant. The defendants were released on payment of a twenty-five dollar fine, because, the judge said, there was no indication that they had deliberately set out to test the law and attack the hallowed institution of Jim Crow. But the proprietress of the establishment was fined fifty dollars for serving whites in her restaurant.

It has been impossible to enforce completely the law requiring the segregation of Negro and white in public meetings and most Birminghamians had forgotten it existed until a couple of years ago when the Southern Conference for Human Welfare met in the city. There were no fixed seating arrangements and Negro and white sat wherever it was convenient. Local bourbons however, who were hostile to the progressive aims of the conference, tipped off the police and demanded that they intervene.

In most of the trade union halls one side of the hall is theoretically for colored, but in practice, people sit where they want with little regard for separation. In practice, too, Negro and white workers may sit around the shop and eat their lunches together. But in most southern cities if a trade union were to hold a public banquet, and were to seat Negro and white together at the banquet tables, the authorities would be empowered to make arrests.

On this question, as on many others, the South is not so solid. Customs vary from city to city and when Paul Robeson sang in Nashville last year, there was no segregation in the municipal auditorium which housed the great throng.

I am reminded especially of the mountain folks from East Tennessee. Last year a delegation of zinc miners from that territory departed from a conference of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers here in hurt resentment. Union officers, hearing that they had left with a grievance, hurried to the station to head them off. What was their grievance? "We looked on Frank Allen as a friend and brother," their spokesman said. "When he came to our town, we treated him like a welcome guest. Yet we come down here, and we run into Frank on the street, and he didn't even shake hands with us. Man, I never was so hurt and humiliated in my life." Frank Allen is an international representative of the union and a Negro. If he did not shake hands with these white workers on Birmingham streets it was to save *them* from embarrassment and deference to local customs.

Several weeks ago the Tennessee state CIO held its annual convention in Knoxville. In announcing arrangements for the annual banquet, State Director Paul Christopher expressed disappointment that the hotel management had refused to serve the Negro delegates, even though they were seated at separate tables. The convention decided that there would be two banquets, one for Negro and one for white. There was considerable opposition to the two-banquet plan, the most vigorous coming from a group of mountaineers who work in the Alcoa plant. Some of them tore off their delegate badges and stamped on them on the floor of the convention hall in their protest against any compromise with Jim Crow. The mountaineers, together with a number of other white delegates, chose to attend the Negro banquet that night.

Too many people are unaware that there are two traditions in the South, both of them authentic, with deep roots among the people. One, of course, and best known, is tersely expressed in the slogan, "Keep the Negro in his place." The other, which under certain circumstances can elicit a genuine response from southern whites, is embodied in the slogan, "The Negro deserves a fair deal."

Race Riot Action Asked by President

By The Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, July 20—President Roosevelt has asked the Attorney General and the heads of several other Government agencies "to give special attention to the problem" of race riots in this country.

The President's action was disclosed in a letter to Representative Marcantonio of New York, who had written the Chief Executive about riots in Beaumont, Texas, and Detroit.

Mr. Roosevelt told Mr. Marcantonio that he shared his "feeling that the recent outbreaks of violence in widely scattered parts of the country endanger our national unity and comfort our enemies."

"I am sure," the President said, "every true American regrets this."

The letter to FDR from Representative Marcantonio, chairman of the New York County Committee of the American Labor Party, was part of the campaign Marcantonio has been waging to secure Department of Justice action against the subversive fomenters of anti-Negro outbreaks.

There are thousands of families in the South today who are proud that their forefathers fought with the Yankees against the slave-masters. And there are additional thousands whose memories have been dulled by such wholesale propaganda as *Gone with the Wind* and the orthodox textbooks on southern history. If the average southern white is unclear on the history of his region and his people, the fault lies not alone with the South, because North and South alike have been glorifying the mythical South of magnolia blossoms and happy slaves, *sans* poor whites. But the tradition of Negro and white struggling against the common oppressor is there. Its spokesmen were not nobodies. They were men like Christian Roselius, the veteran Louisiana statesman, whom Marx mentions with praise, and countless editors, public men, and writers. Snowing them under with magnolia petals has been rather effective, but under the impact of present struggles, old memories are sometimes stirred.

Not long ago I loaned a young woman a copy of James Allen's *Reconstruction: the Battle for Democracy*. When she returned the book, she said, "My people were farmers in Clay County, and my grandfather fought against the Yankees. But I remember now that mama said when Grandad came home on a furlough, he told my grandmother, 'Don't say anything, Sarah, but we're fighting on the wrong side.' I had completely forgotten this story until I read this book." And I can remember that *my* grandmother hated the Ku Klux Klan with all her spirit, and she was a spirited woman.

The tradition takes on reality on occasion. In the Mobile "race riots" there was the white man who leaped into the water to save a Negro woman felled by one of the mob. There was the white man injured by the mob when he defended a Negro. There was the white woman who turned in her badge and gave the management of Alabama Drydock & Shipbuilding Co. a piece of her mind on its tolerance for such bestiality.

Crowded streetcars and buses are the scenes of many incidents of brutality against Negroes. But I know of many cases, never publicized, where these crowded carriers have also produced demonstrations of Negro-white solidarity. These demonstrations seldom make the front pages because rather than leading to violence and bloodshed, they avert it. But they are as much a part of the southern picture as the clashes and victimization of Negroes.

It is the recognition of a common aim and purpose that is the key to the elimination of race prejudice. When white Southerners realize that to improve their conditions, to secure their own interests, they must have the support and cooperation of the Negro people, that is the be-

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ginning of the end of their race prejudice.

That is why the trade unions have been so valuable an instrument for establishing solidarity between Negro and white. Joe Doakes, as Pegler calls him, is not likely to become interested in Negro rights in the abstract, at least not sufficiently to brave the criticism of his neighbors and do something about it. But when Joe Doakes needs a raise in pay, and he knows he can get that raise only by joining with the Negro worker across the lathe from him, things begin to happen.

From the question of a raise in pay, Mr. Doakes goes along with his Negro union brother to other joint issues. Since Doakes is no fool, he eventually gets the idea that the struggle of the Negro people for their rights is of intimate concern for the white workers as a class. At a meeting of the Birmingham Industrial Union Council a few nights ago, the discussion revolved around the poll tax and the 1944 elections. A Negro steel worker took the floor, supported all that was said about the poll tax, but pointed out the necessity of joint action to remove the other restrictions that work specifically to prevent Negroes from voting. My friends tell me that every white worker in the hall applauded, and applauded vigorously. Joe Doakes has come a long way, to the bitter chagrin of the white supremacists, when he is ready to work for the right to vote for Negroes. But that is the only way the labor vote and the people's vote will outnumber the votes of entrenched bourbonism, and Brother Doakes knows it.

The recognition of common interests does not remain purely a matter of narrow self interest. When Doakes starts thinking along these lines, he goes further. Protection of the rights of the Negro people becomes a moral and ethical question; one in which he sees complete conformity with the principles of Jesus which he has been taught since childhood. I know a president of a miners' local who is prouder of his struggle for Negro rights in his mine than of anything else in his life.

It is the sort of thing for which men are willing to fight and shed blood. No one on Red Mountain will ever forget how last summer white ore miners fought thugs and company stooges to enforce the union's rule promoting Negroes to skilled machine jobs.

It was the recognition of a common aim which put the finishing touches on my own development into what I like to think of as a civilized man. The South is not a colony. But white Southerners react in many ways like members of an oppressed nationality. There is the exploitation of the southern resources, natural and human, by the big northern corporations. There are the poverty and backwardness on all sides. Schools, hospitals, libraries, roads, are poor and inadequate compared to those of the North. There are the feudal hangovers in the rural districts of the Black Belt. Every thinking Southerner knows

"But darling, your palm doesn't TELL me what will happen to the Hoover Republicans in 1944."

that shackles are maintained on the South by a hateful alliance of feudal planters and northern corporations, with a handful of demagogic politicians as their spokesmen.

WHEN these conditions began to worry me, and when I decided that unless I helped to do something about them, life simply was without dignity and meaning, naturally I looked for organization and allies. The organization, it seemed to me, was the Communist Party. And the allies were essentially the working class and the Negro people.

What was an intellectual conclusion became, in the fires of the common struggle, a basic conviction and a comprehensive attitude affecting every phase of my reaction to southern life and southern problems. I learned, as white Southerners always do in such circumstances, through my own experience, the steadfastness, loyalty, and the heroism of Negro men and women.

Today, with our nation at war, the aim which Negro and white have in common is broader than ever. It is victory over the Axis. Now it is not simply a matter of a few cents more per hour, which first bound Negro and white together in the trade unions. It is not just the perspective of a free and happy South. It is the survival of all that is decent in our world, and that is an objective shared equally by white and Negro. Thus a basis has been laid for more rapid development of Negro-white unity and for the rapid eradication of race prejudice.

This is not to say that the battle against race prejudice is nearly over. The shameful riots in Mobile and Beaumont, the still too frequent lynchings, and the failure of juries to convict those patently guilty of anti-Negro violence, testify to the virulence of southern backwardness which the fifth column is not slow to exploit.

I am merely saying that the most favorable circumstances for the eradication of race prejudice are present. The vast majority of Southerners want victory above all else. To the extent that they recognize active prejudice as a weakness in our national armor, to that extent will they work against it. To the extent that white and Negro join together in common action for victory, to that extent southern whites will come to know the Negro as the advanced trade unionist has come to know him, as a friend and ally of great worth.

There is too much loose talk about the existence of "race tension" in the South as if it were a natural and inevitable accompaniment of the war. What does exist are grievances, some of them serious, affecting the Negro most sharply but applying for the most part to both Negro and white. I refer to the increases of food prices, bad housing, overcrowding in industrial cities.

If the white workers turn on the Negro people as responsible for their grievances, it is not because of "tension." It is because enemies of national unity, enemies of our country, have exploited the worst of south-

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ern traditions, manipulated the white workers' grievances and incited them against the Negro.

Anti-Negro violence is not spontaneous. It is calculated and organized. While the average southern white carries with him a heavy burden of old prejudices, he is not disposed to do anything about them. Witnesses of the anti-Negro riot in the Mobile shipyard report that less than a third of the white employes were involved in any way in the violence; the great majority stood by, some actively protesting.

The Mobile and Beaumont riots were the result of a systematically planned campaign which took months for its fruition. They had the ideological assistance of such men as former Governor Dixon of Alabama, Governor Jones of Louisiana, and a score of anti-Roosevelt politicos. Yet I am very confident that had even a handful of progressive leaders moved into the situation at the inception of the violence, the mob leaders would have been discredited and forced to retreat.

THE average southern white will react positively to the slogan "The Negro must have a fair deal," as quickly as he will to its opposite, "The Negro must stay in his place." The trouble is that the purveyors of the latter slogan, with all its variations, have seized the initiative. It is they who are going up and down the South spreading the poison. It is they who are operating ceaselessly from key positions in the local police forces, political offices, and most sinister of all, from posts within management. The fifth column has enormous resources and it is using them.

On the other hand, patriotic southern whites who stand with the former slogan —"The Negro must have a fair deal"— are still hesitant and passive. The national trade union movements have carried on some educational work, but not as a planned and consistent campaign. The Roosevelt forces in the South have been more inclined to retreat than to fight under the attack of the white supremacy cabal. The reason is that the Roosevelt forces and most of our southern white liberals over-estimate the effectiveness of the white supremacists' slogan and underestimate the power of their own. They doubt the capacity of the garden variety of southern white to overcome his race prejudice.

Such doubts are highly dangerous these days when our nation is threatened. If the Dixon-Wilkinson-Jones crowd, working with the Farleys, Wheelers, and other defeatists in the North, succeed in their present conspiracy to defeat Roosevelt by throwing the presidential election into Congress, we face a negotiated peace and a Nazi regime in the United States. And if they succeed, it will be through their effective manipulation of the race question.

The problem cannot be solved by denying the Negro people the rights which are their due—and for which they will continue to struggle until they are won. It cannot be solved by appeasing the prejudice of backward whites.

It can be solved only by arousing the southern people to the danger, appealing to the best of southern traditions, the traditions of decency and fair play, and of solidarity with the Negro people. It can be solved only by the southern patriots, Negro and white, marching shoulder to shoulder behind our Commander-in-Chief for complete victory over the Axis. Marching, I might add, with their own banners, inscribed for equal rights, unity, and democracy.

UNFORTUNATELY this prospect frightens certain white liberals, not so much because they consider it undesirable, but because they fear it is impossible. They are inclined to regard all of us—including themselves—who have overcome race prejudice, as somehow exceptional persons who started with an innate wisdom denied our fellow Southerners.

I wish they would do what I have done in this article—analyze the process by which they individually cured their race prejudice. I believe that in each case, as in mine, it will develop that the cure is learning to know the Negro people, rediscovering old traditions of fair play and solidarity, and finding a common aim with the Negro people. The cure is simple. And today, history is prescribing it for the whole South.

ROB F. HALL.

Both Mr. Hall's article and Congressman Dickstein's statement on this page are part of the current NM symposium on anti-Negroism, anti-Semitism, and other forms of racial incitement.

Liberty for All

I FULLY agree with you that outbursts of racial intolerance in the United States are extremely vicious, and it makes no difference against which minority they are addressed.

We all remember the halcyon days of the Ku Klux Klan in the early 1920's, when intolerant actions were directed against the Negroes, Jews and Catholics, and the foreign-born. Wherever intolerance raises its head it moves on and on and seemingly without a halt. The important thing is to nip such actions in the bud.

I had the foresight to introduce into Congress a resolution, known as House Joint Resolution 49, which provides for penalties to be imposed in the case of papers, pamphlets, magazines, periodicals, books, pictures, and writings of any kind, which are designed or adapted or intended to cause racial or religious hatred, or bigotry or intolerance or to incite to racial or religious hatred. I believe that the passage of this bill will go a long way toward the elimination of intolerance.

My public career, in and out of Congress, is at all times devoted to the cause of national unity and I feel that every newspaper and magazine in this country has a sacred duty to perform in fostering amity and good fellowship among the many racial groups which dwell in the United States.

There is no question that we cannot have liberty for any group unless such liberty is had by all groups. There cannot be a world of freedom if any sizeable segment of the human race is not free. Perhaps one of the greatest achievements of future generations will be the spirit of tolerance and good will spread throughout the nations of the world.

This war has taught us all a lesson of the essential unity of all liberty-loving peoples. It is no longer a question of white or black, Jew or Christian, Catholic or Protestant, monarchy or republic, or any form of government human beings may live under—we are all in the same boat and we are all members of one human race—interested in its progress as such, and working for the liberation of all those who are now oppressed and unable to speak freely.

The pattern of the world of the future unrolls before our very eyes. If we and our children are to live in a free world there can no longer be any question about nationalities, or minorities, but in the language of our Declaration of Independence we have to rededicate ourselves to the proposition that "All men are created equal." In this spirit of mutual forbearance, tolerance, and good will, I welcome every movement which has as its aim the freedom of the individual, of the race, and of the human mind.

May it ever be the pride of America that it has shown the world how a nation may consist of many groups, allow many creeds, many political opinions, and as many different views as there are human beings, by fostering the one great principle of "dignity of man."

SAMUEL DICKSTEIN.

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UNITY WITH COMMUNISTS?

SOME OUTSTANDING CITIZENS ANSWER A QUESTION THAT CONCERNS OUR NATIONAL WELL-BEING.

Can Communists and non-Communists unite? This question was discussed in the light of the dissolution of the Communist International in an exchange of letters between Max Lerner and A. B. Magil in our July 13 issue. Last week we began publishing letters from readers commenting on this discussion. This week, besides additional letters from readers, we present comments from a number of prominent Americans whom we invited to express their views. More will appear in future issues. In writing to these individuals we asked for their replies to the following questions:

(1) What effect do you think the dissolution of the Communist International will have on national and international unity in the war and the peace?

(2) What is your estimate of the effect on the social and political life of our country of Red-baiting and other manifestations of the "Red menace" myth?

(3) Would you favor collaboration of non-Communists with Communists to liquidate the Communist bugaboo which Hitler and his allies in this country have found so effective in disrupting our unity?

(4) Do you think that the Communist Party, in view of the fact that it is directing its energies to the support of the war and subordinating all other questions, ought to be treated as an integral part of the nation's win-the-war forces, as is the case in China, France, Yugoslavia, and other countries?

We also suggested that the answers might be in the form of comment on the Lerner-Magil correspondence and on our own editorial statement published in the same issue.—The Editors.

Daniel Howard

Chairman, Connecticut Conference on Social Legislation; Superintendent Emeritus of Schools, Windsor, Conn.

THE discussion in the July 13 issue of NEW MASSES on the subject "Can Communists and non-Communists Unite?" raises questions of supreme importance that every one who cares for the future welfare of society at home and abroad should ponder carefully and try to answer wisely. Surely all right-minded persons in both groups desire to see this present global war end with the complete destruction of fascism everywhere and both groups desire to participate in the establishment of a just and durable peace in an orderly world where freedom, justice, and good will shall prevail and dominate the lives of men, women, and children.

That both groups ought to unite is too apparent to need proof. Of course they ought to unite. The question is, can they unite? and what present influences will help or hinder their union and how complete should be the cooperation?

To begin with, the recent dissolution of the Communist International must be a helpful influence in the establishment of national and international unity for the winning of the war and the maintenance of the peace that victory will make possible. The disappearance of the International will

Daniel Howard

help promote unity not because it removes an agency which Russia has sought to use for the purpose of stirring up revolution in other lands, as some have professed to believe, but because it is leading the world to realize that Russia did not control the International and would not have used it to create revolution if she had controlled it.

The organization was international, as its name implied, was internationally controlled, and has been dissolved by the concerted action of the Communist Parties who made up its membership in many nations. These Parties were seeking through cooperation to advance the common welfare of their people everywhere and had no policy that would affect the form of government anywhere except by bringing about, through peaceful democratic procedure at home, changes that they believed to be beneficial. Russia in particular had proved to the world that she disapproved of interference by one nation in the affairs of another. It was Trotsky who preached world revolution by Russian instigation and influence. It was Stalin who opposed this policy. Stalin won, and the repudiated Trotsky became an exile. Russia's millions were with Stalin, and their slogan for a generation has been "Let every nation manage its own affairs and allow us to manage ours." Pretended danger from the International has been the chief bogey argument of Hitler in his campaign against the Communists. With the International gone, the bogey can not survive. Unity will come when the cause of disunity goes.

The voluntary dissolution of the International by its members, who realize that it no longer serves any useful purpose, as indicated by the withdrawal of the Communist Party of the United States in 1940, will help expose the sham and hypocrisy of the Red-baiting and the "Red menace" myth so long prevalent in the United States and in many other countries. Nothing in America has done more to destroy civil liberties, create social animosities, and stimulate political hatred and disunity, almost to the point of open rebellion against our present administration and its conduct of the war and foreign affairs, than this Red-baiting spirit, which attempted first to charge the Communists with every sort of subversive purpose and then to brand every liberal and human endeavor of our people to secure social betterment as Communistic and every liberal and progressive citizen, law-maker, or public servant as a Communist.

Communists and non-Communists alike are vitally interested in destroying the Communist bugaboo which fascists and reactionaries of every type have used and are using as their most effective weapon to divide and disrupt our war effort, our domestic policies, and our social solidarity. Strikes, anti-Semitism, riots, and racial discriminations would be deprived of their strongest support if this demon, born and nurtured in the brain of bigotry, could be relegated to that oblivion which has so mercifully swallowed countless other demons, dragons, and terrors that through the ages afflicted and obstructed humanity in its struggle for a rational, humane, peaceful, democratic, and happy mode of life.

Some other nations, notably China, recognize the wisdom and the justice of treating their Communist elements as vital and integral parts of their win-the-war forces. Without the Communist Eighth and Fourth armies China's resistance to Ja-

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pan would be hopeless. Russia, of course, is in a class by herself, but she represents the hope of the world, and she is recognized as the exponent of Communism. In our country the Communist Party and its brave and far-seeing leader, Earl Browder, have been the most vigorous and consistent of the opponents of fascism, beginning the fight before the outbreak of today's war, and now they are supporting our war policy and our Commander-in-Chief wholeheartedly with all their energies while subordinating all other interests and questions to the one great issue of winning the war, preserving our democratic institutions, and establishing a just and durable peace.

Can there be any question about our duty to this Party? We who think we are liberals denounce all discriminations on account of race, color, creed, or political affiliations. That includes the Communist Party. If we are consistent, if we are honest, if we are just, if we are wise, we will cease all discrimination, ban all Red-baiting, and regard the Communist Party as an integral and important part of our nation's war forces, matching the rest of us in patriotism and sacrifice, deserving and entitled to all the rights, privileges and rewards that belong to all good citizens in our common country.

Dwight J. Bradley

Director, The Council for Social Action

(1) The dissolution of the Communist International will not, in my opinion, have any great effect upon national and international unity. It represents only a sharp political realism on the part of the Soviet government. But the anti-Red sentiment will not be allayed thereby. The diplomatic effect, however, is already of great importance.

(2) The effect of Red-baiting upon the social and political life of our country is uniformly and universally deleterious. It is only a stream-lined form of Ku Kluxism.

(3) I would advocate the collaboration of non-Communist and Communist persons and groups in an attack upon all manifestations of fascist tendency. But this should be carried on with a realistic knowledge that the Communists have special axes to grind which are not necessarily to be used in hewing away at fascism. There is a fascist tinge to American Communism as dangerous as any other manifestation of fascist tendency. Against this, non-Communist collaborators should be on their guard.

(4) I think that the Communist Party should be treated in part as an integral part of the nation's war effort, and in part as an extraneous part. Political judgment and finesse of the first order is required here. It is always foolish to take a Communist Party member at his word. But by his fruits he may be judged. If he helps the war effort, well and good; if not, he should be kept from influence. Communism is a kind of neurosis in America, neither indigenous nor healthy. But there are many Communists and Communist groups that are American in spirit.

Elie Siegmeister

Composer

I want to say that I am sick and tired—as I believe so many Americans are—of all those gentlemen who make a profession out of warning America against this, that, and the other "menace." There is only one menace today, and that is from the avowed enemy of mankind—Hitler, with all his open and undercover satellites, both abroad and right here at home. If those who have been warning us day in and day out against the "bolshevist threat to democracy" had been interested in real threats to democracy they would have discovered what progressive publications have long ago pointed out: namely, that the real menace lies in the professional red-herring fishermen.

They would have told us of the copy editor of the *Daily News*, employed by Japan, among other things to "keep watch" on the Communists. That was, of course, greatly to Japan's interests. While the *Daily News*, Martin Dies, Father Coughlin, and all the others diverted everyone's attention to the so-called "bolshevist menace," our attention could be and was successfully distracted from the real menace then being prepared—and we could fall victim to Pearl Harbor, and many Pearl Harbors of the mind.

We're in this war with Russia—formerly the worst "menace" of all—now revealed as the friend and savior of everything we hold worthwhile. Russia has done her part to dispel the red herring bugaboo by disbanding the Comintern. Let us do our part by disbanding all those groups and organizations in our own country which are more concerned with stirring up imaginary terrors and fears in our people than with stirring them to win the war. Let the *Daily News*, the *World-Telegram*, and all other publications devote those columns hitherto given over to bogus "Red menace" articles to genuine information about the nature of our real enemies, and their methods of working in this country; and we will be much nearer our goal of wiping out the cancerous growth of fascism and building a world in which all men can live in peace and friendship.

Thomas Bell

Novelist

TO THE question, Can Communists and non-Communists unite?, my automatic response is, "They'd better." You remember what Benjamin Franklin said about hanging together. Beyond that, I find my feelings on the subject perfectly expressed on page 12 of the July 13 NEW MASSES:

Thomas Bell

"The struggle against anti-Communism is no more the exclusive concern of the Communists than the struggle against anti-Semitism and anti-Negro incitement is the exclusive concern of Jews and Negroes. All three doctrines are ideological agents of the enemy, which strike at the country as a whole and do not spare even many of those who are infected with these prejudices. The obligation to combat them falls on all Americans, irrespective of race, color, political or religious belief."

Clifford T. McAvoy

Legislative Director, Greater New York Industrial Union Council

(1) The Communist International made a signal contribution to the fight against fascism at its Seventh World Congress in 1935, by calling for world unity and collective security against fascist aggression. This magnificent contribution to the cause of world peace was attacked as a "Communist plot." This same policy is now the declared policy of the United Nations, which are carrying it out by armed force. Those who attacked the Communist International in 1925 were violent enemies of Soviet-American friendship. Most of them have not changed their point of view and the dissolution of the Communist International has not apparently changed their hostility to the Soviet Union or to the various Communist parties in other countries. Since the "Red bogey" was never real anyway, the dissolution of the Comintern cannot cause this ghost to vanish.

(2) Red-baiting and the Red menace myth are the principal weapons of Hitler in his ideological war against the democratic way of life. Now that the glorious victories of the American, British, and Soviet armies have set back his military forces, his sole remaining weapon is Red-baiting and the projection of the Red menace. Those Americans who adopt these weapons, whether they like it or not, are carrying out Hitler's campaign to disrupt American unity against fascism.

(3) Yes.

(4) Yes.

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READERS' FORUM

Questions of Unity

TO NEW MASSES: I read with a great deal of interest and considerable disappointment the exchange of letters between A. B. Magil and Max Lerner. I say "disappointment" because it occurs to me that history has taught the liberal intelligentsia very little. They are still more concerned with superfine and unnecessary ideological technicalities than they are with a program for action. I had a roommate like that in college. He had the largest collection of Marx and Marxian commentary I have ever seen and was seemingly familiar with it, and yet he was only occasionally and always half-heartedly allied with any group which attempted to put those theories into practice.

The point of Russian leadership in the International is a point too obvious to be labored by a man of Lerner's caliber. That the headquarters of the International should be in the country most sympathetic to its aims is obvious. That the programs advanced by the representatives of the country first to establish socialism successfully should be seriously considered and frequently adopted is obvious. That the foreign policy of a country guided by socialist principles should be the most consistently correct, and therefore deserving of the support of intelligent men and women the world over, is obvious. That no international body could hope to direct the affairs of a socialist party successfully on a local or national scale is also obvious. And that the enemies of socialism and of the Soviet Union should deliberately misinterpret the International and its relationship to the national parties is quite understandable.

Moreover, it seems necessary to point out that the International was not dissolved to decrease international cooperation of anti-fascists but to increase it, not to lessen the interest of the workers of one country in the welfare of those of another but to provide conditions under which that interest could become greater than it is.

Apparently what disconcerts Mr. Lerner is the lack of "surface" consistency in the policy of the American Communist Party, that sort of consistency which consists of giving utterance to "eternal" verities and continuing in their utterance until the tongue is torn out bodily by the triumphant enemy. For example, the case of the Party's policy in relation to the Soviet-Nazi pact, concerning which Mr. Lerner says, "You ceased criticizing Nazism as Nazism, but your criticism was of Nazi imperialism along with British imperialism." Mr. Lerner surely understands that the British imperialism of Chamberlain and his friends of Cliveden was part and parcel of Nazi imperialism and fully as distasteful. The comedy of negotiation with the Soviet Union by the powerless and uninterested British committee of negotiation which killed the chances of collective security, the false war which preceded the invasion of France—such things should certainly give the observer some clue as to the nature of British imperialism of that time.

One would think that the liberal intelligentsia with its enormous capacity for detailed casuistry would take the trouble to examine the detail of events that on the surface seem difficult to understand: The Nazi-Soviet pact, the Soviet-Finnish war, the fall of France, etc. As Mr. Magil rightly implied, we Communists erred in emphasis by not making a more concerted drive to explain the details of the above mentioned historical events to the people. As to our Party's choice of position, we have no apologies whatsoever. History has justified and is continuing to justify our stand. Unfortunately, however, justification is small balm for the opportunities lost due to misunderstanding, and mere justification of position cannot be the sole or even a major aim of a successful people's movement. What is past is past. Today we stand more than ever in need of unity, working unity among all those who stand for progress. Let us hope that discussions of the sort between Magil and Lerner lead to such unity.

New York. D. L.

TO NEW MASSES: *Mons laboravit.* . . . That was a pretty tiny unity mouse which Mr. Lerner's volcanic heavings gave birth to. On your paper and at your expense he contrived to spread more quintessential slander of the Communist Party than any single effort of Goebbels or Dies. Note the similarities in the charges made by Lerner the liberal and Dies the fascist:

(1) That Communists have a dual allegiance ("agents of a foreign power");

(2) That Communists do not "focus on" America ("un-American");

(3) That Communists are bent on setting up a dictatorship ("subversive activities");

(4) That Communism is totalitarian ("Communazi");

(5) That Communists are morally unfair ("destroyers of the home, family, religion, etc., etc.").

The list could be extended, for Mr. Lerner has not missed a trick. Perhaps the editors of NEW MASSES will explain how we are to cooperate with a man in whom the fascist concept of Communism is so ingrown as to occupy the status of first principles.

King William IV once remarked to a group of his subjects: "If my friendship for you were as great as my ignorance of everything concerning you, it would be unbounded." The same could be said of Mr. Lerner's malice, for it, like his ignorance, is boundless, resolute, and invincible. For example, among the "six errors of Marxism" he lists our (supposed) under-estimation of the strength of capitalism, our failure to reckon with nationalism as a force. Now it happens, of course, that Stalin expounded the first of these theses twenty years ago (see *Leninism*, Vol I, *passim*), and the second thirty years ago (see *Marxism and the National Question, passim*). Earl Browder has recently discussed the first in his debate with George Sokolsky. Thus it is precisely as though Mr. Lerner were to blame Einstein for not knowing about relativity. But of what avail is it to point these things out? Mr. Lerner will not read our books; they are "propaganda."

Or again: Mr. Lerner says we must (he's a bear for imperatives) think internationally instead of just about Russia. And I ask, who was it first explained the nature of German fascism? Who was it that went to Spain to help fight Hitler and Franco? Who organized Chinese resistance against Japan? Who organized help for Spain and China in other countries? Who is doing the most to mobilize the Indian people against Japan and Germany? Who first exposed the Finnish fascist Mannerheim? Is this "thinking internationally" or is it not? Perhaps it is Mr. Lerner who is caught in a "semantic difficulty."

Lastly, about our "moral genuineness." I realize that it will be difficult for mere mortals to attain the high level of this modern Cato (the ancient Cato used to whip his slaves), but I will tell Mr. Lerner some things I have seen. I have seen quite ordinary men, under police terror, rise above their fears and triumph finally over the lawless abuse of power. I have seen men who were convicted on planted evidence appear that same day, smiling and courageous, to organize their successful appeal. I have seen men and women risking their jobs and the security of their families to defend Negroes, sharecroppers, labor leaders, victimized aliens. I have not only seen these things; I have done some of them. And I know the love which, wrought out of these struggles, binds our people close to one another and to mankind. Because of such love and the ample devotion which it breeds, I know also the profound truth of the beatitude: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely. . . ." Such are the people, Mr. Lerner, who constitute your "slick Tammany of the left." I wonder if you, on your moral Olympus, have had any experiences like these.

Therefore, when next Mr. Lerner wings one of his oracular shafts against us, I want him to consider who we are. We are not stupid, groveling slaves who crawl to him for benediction. We are proud men, yes, fiercely proud: proud of our Marxist heritage, its theory and its heroes; proud of its living fighters throughout the world; proud of its beneficient results in the Soviet Union and its promise for all mankind.

Your ignorance of us, Mr. Lerner, we dismiss as ludicrous. Your belief that we suffer from mental ills we reject with contempt. For we bear in our veins the surging blood of history, and in our heart the imperishable hope of man.

Philadelphia. JOEL BRADFORD.

TO NEW MASSES: This is my first criticism of NEW MASSES. With this single exception, I think you have been doing a great job. I refer to Max Lerner. He is not worth the time and space you have given him. I most seriously question his intellectual honesty. I have read him and heard him. He is good at dodging questions on the Open Forum. He is gaining a certain reputation, and with it, no doubt, some remuneration, baiting the Communists. I admit that he is an oily and subtle antagonist—in short, a professional liberal. God knows that name is bad enough to call any man. It exhausts my vocabulary. Such liberals are a scabby crew. Rats like Eastman and Fischer come out in the open where we can see their cussedness and know where to find them. But the "liberals" are intellectual fifth columnists. Please do not soil your pages with the statements of the Lerners.

Charleston, W. Va. H. W. H.

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VACATION VAGARIES

SOMETIMES I have a grudge against nature. It is too indifferent to man. It is so overwhelming and impersonal that it sometimes makes his antics seem a little irrelevant or even silly. It was so with my first slight glimpse of war in 1940 on the Italian island of Sardinia in the Mediterranean. Our plane, bound for Rome from Lisbon, circled above the beautiful island, but we could not see it, for the plane's curtains were black and thick and they were tightly sealed. The interior of the plane seemed solid with hot gloom. We could feel ourselves swirl descendingly in lazy loops and felt as if in a flying hearse being sucked downward into a sickening whirlpool. Then there was a bumpety bounce, a solid skip, and we taxied to a stop.

With our ears still retaining the roar of the motor, we climbed unsteadily to the ground. The brilliance of the sunshine almost blinded us. Through the dancing particles of the glaring atmosphere we could see cool purple mountains and a stretch of shining blue bay fringed with palm trees. As we stumbled stiffly forward into the blinding radiance, a ringing buzziness in our ears, Italian soldiers ran at us, pointed to the sky, gesticulated, and shouted, but their voices sounded far away as in a dream. I looked upward and the peaceful sky was dotted with puffs of black and white and they were lazy, remote, decorative. I turned toward where a soldier pointed. He had indicated an anti-aircraft gun and as I looked it recoiled, zinged, and vibrated, but to my deafened ears the explosion seemed soft and lulling. Sardinia was being bombed, or at least the Italians thought it was. I could see nothing in the immense blue above but the explosions of the anti-aircraft like small and sudden clouds.

We stood in a modernistic customs house and looked out. Italian fighter planes were taking off. Italian soldiers were pouring out of a red brick barracks near by. They threw themselves on the ground. Nothing happened. Now and then one would rear up inquiringly but an officer would shout and he would sink back to earth. The anti-aircraft was still banging away and there was a great hullaballoo with trucks and cars dashing about and soldiers dramatically flinging themselves on the running boards.

But the scene containing the activity would have none of the drama. The huge mountains dwarfed it. The sweep of the calm sky, the peace of the shining bay, and the calm strength of the ever-normal sun remained unimpressed and unmoved and somehow succeeded in making the gyrations of the men at war a little ridiculous.

I REMEMBER another time, but then it was a little different. It was at the height of the Luftwaffe's assault against England in September 1940. I was standing on the very point of Cape Gris Nez in France with Dover but twenty miles away. Again it was hot and sunny and the arching heavens were undisturbed by the mosquito-like buzz that descended from silvery dots glistening in bevies above on their way to England. We looked through glasses with straining intensity toward Dover, and there were those who said they could hear exploding bombs and there were some who imagined they could almost hear the rip of tearing timber and the heavy slide of brick and plaster. We spoke softly, and over the hum of our voices there came soprano segments from singing birds and before us on the waves white gulls billowed up and down. I turned away from England and looked at the France behind me. It was hilly and brown and its fields had the convolutions of a stormy sea that has somehow been stilled. Perhaps a quarter of a mile away, near a giant, gabled crucifix on a hill, in a field of yellow wheat, a farmer sat on a binder, driving a team of white horses, and even when the sky was filled with the Nazi armada he did not turn his gaze away from the binder's lazily revolving reel. There was a vibrating, wiry hum from the English coast and it crescendoed in volume as the Nazi planes streaked homeward. One came in low, ziz-zagging and twisting. We saw that it was pursued by a British plane. There was an anguished metallic howl as the German plane shrieked overhead and an instant later there was a jagged, cracking impact, licking flames wanly orange in the sunlight and then a column of smoke. It was the British plane. We did not say anything. The sun still glared upon the channel; the gulls still rode upon the waves. I turned landward once more and saw the shrine high upon the hill and the white horses plodding up the wheatfield. Nothing had changed. The farmer had not turned, and knew no more than the brilliant sky above that on that instant a young man had died.

I THINK of these things as I look out my window here on the island of Mount Desert, just off the coast of Maine, and remember the young men dying the world around. Downstairs the radio blares "Yesterday at least 10,000 were killed on the Eastern Front in a battle of unprecedented ferocity near Orel." Outside in the flower garden there are yellow primroses as bright as paint, and flame-colored tiger lilies. There are marigolds the hue of burnished copper and there is the soft pink and gold of the wild rose. There is the gingham blue of the delphinium, white and purple petunias, pansies yellow and brown. Out over the long-grassed meadows that run down to the cove the wind is blowing and the grass eddies and ripples as if it were the sea and its buff-green extent is colored by white daisies, purple lupin, and the tawny, smoky amber of the hawk weed. The sun is hot, but cool clouds hang in the sky and a haziness softens the long swing of the hills that dip and curve behind the blue Sound. The tide is coming in and on the wind is the damp smell of salt, the hot fragrance of the pines, and the heavy sweetness of freshly cut hay. It is very still. Far away there is the mewing of the gulls and suddenly nearer, like the rip of canvas, the hoarse stridency of crows. Tonight the fog may roll in from the sea over the mountains, a thick cloud advancing down the Sound until it submerges our house, and then the small windy flip and hiss of our wood fire will be very pleasant.

IT WILL be very pleasant, but we will not quite enjoy it. And most Americans will not, until their husbands and sons and brothers are home victorious. For one cannot quite like nature now or quite forgive it its hard, impersonal beauty. Random, waking nightmares come of flowers in Sicily as perfect and dainty as if no human forms lay near. For in Sicily, too, the mountains rise serenely and there, as everywhere, the great, blind forces of nature will take over an empty world unless man can avoid destruction by a victory which brings order and sanity.

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BOOKS and PEOPLE by SAMUEL SILLEN

A TALK WITH MICHOELS AND FEFFER

In an interview, the great Soviet poet and actor show why their fellow artists are imbued with the psychology of tankmen or artillerymen. . . . "A new conception of the hero."

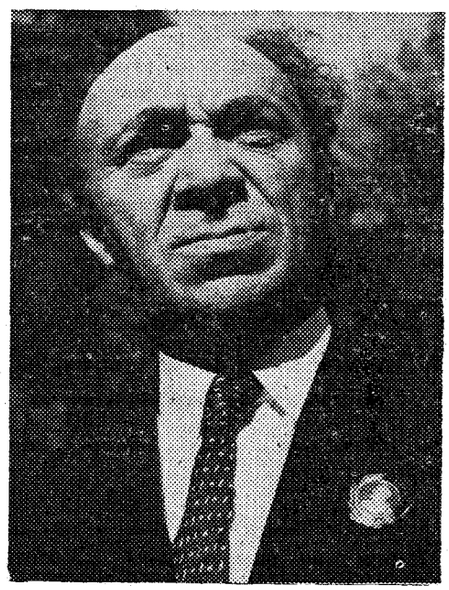
LAST week I had the great privilege of interviewing, on behalf of NEW MASSES, two distinguished Soviet visitors to our country, Prof. Solomon Michoels and Lieut. Col. Itzik Feffer. What began as an interview turned out to be a stirring and memorable experience. For these two great artists, the actor Michoels and the poet Feffer, brought before my eyes an inexpressibly vivid picture of the Soviet people at war. I had read many excellent stories of the war, like Boris Voyetekhov's *The Last Days of Sevastopol* and Alexander Polyakov's *Russians Don't Surrender*. But human speech and facial expression now gave these stories a new dimension, a new immediacy. I saw the war and heard the war as if for the first time.

Conversing with these men in Yiddish, I came to think of them not so much as representatives of the Soviet Union, or of the Jews of the Soviet Union, but as spokesmen of our common humanity. On politics in the formal sense they touched only incidentally. They were concerned with human beings, with plain men and women, who alone give meaning to the most complex diplomacy. This point is so important that most of us seldom bother to notice it. We prefer in our conversations to rearrange continents. Michoels and Feffer dwelt on an old Jewish woman who washed handkerchiefs for Red Army men at a distant railroad point, a young soldier who turned out to be a fine lyric poet in letters to his wife, a young dancer who went to the front to carry on the fight in which her husband, a pilot, had been killed. In the most inhuman of wars which fascism has brought, humanity is achieving a new grandeur.

"Forgive me," said Michoels, "if I speak with too much passion. I feel these things deeply. They are close to me." The remark startled me into an awareness of the peaceful hotel room. We are really so undisturbed. We think we know; we think we understand. I was beginning to feel that it is only a comforting illusion to suppose that we have really comprehended the suffering and titanic heroism of people who have fought Hitler's monsters in front of their own homes, their own public squares and playgrounds and schoolhouses. It was I who inwardly begged forgiveness if for a moment I had forgotten, or only in a remote corner of the mind appreciated, how much we owe to the men and women whom Michoels was describing. I could think only of my children. Perhaps it is only when we think of our children that we can begin to feel, really way down deep, our debt. Only that brings the full terror and the hope.

I asked Michoels to comment on the part taken by Soviet writers and artists in the war. His reply was somewhat different from what I had expected. He emphasized that the Soviet writer does not think of himself as a writer in the first instance, any more than an industrial technician would think of himself first in terms of his craft. He is a Soviet citizen. He is bound to his fellows primarily by a common citizenship, by a common devotion to the interests of the country. Am I a good citizen? Am I a true patriot? That is the basic test of worth. The actor is a citizen who contributes to the well-being of his people in one way, the poet in another, the farmer or industrial worker in another. The common matrix of their individual effort is the all-important consideration.

Feffer enlisted on June 22, 1941, and he rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He told me of his experiences at the front in the early months of the war, when he was placed in charge of a radio broadcasting program. All his life he had written his verse in Yiddish. Now, broadcasting to the entire army, he had to "convert" to Russian poetry, preparing a new poem for each day's program. I thought this a striking example of the great adapability and complete identification of the Soviet writer under the most difficult circumstances. Feffer told of Wanda Wasilewska reading one of her works on this program. The broadcast unit was within the range of an enemy battery. A wall crumbled only a few feet from where the Polish novelist was reading. She carried on as if nothing had happened. That is the gist of the story; I shall not even attempt to recapture the drama with which Feffer invested it. The point was simply that writers were imbued with the psychology of tankmen or artillerymen. And Michoels told a story which illustrated how the reverse was also true. He described the artillery commander who would shout: "For Anna Karenina . . . Fire!" "For our glorious literary traditions . . . Fire!" "To avenge Yasnaya Polyana . . . Fire!"



Prof. Solomon Michoels

THESE sidelights bring a war closer. They suggest that the reason why there is no problem of "The Writer's Place in War" in the Soviet Union is that there is no problem of "The Writer's Place in Peace." Professor Michoels explained, with many interesting examples, that the unity of the Soviet people in this war, their immediate rallying and adjustment to the tremendous job at hand, was simply an extension of that high type of patriotic consciousness which had been maturing for twenty-five years in his country. Only war, with its intense crises, sometimes makes clear in a moment human meanings that would have to be more slowly discovered in other times. "The war has taught a new conception of the hero which I must take to heart as an actor," Michoels explained. "As you know, the Shakespearean hero, as conventionally performed, is a heroic person to begin with. In his manner, his voice, his clothes, he is a person of great stature. But I have seen a man who in all respects seemed quite ordinary. Five minutes before he threw himself and all his hand grenades in front of a German tank, the world did not regard him as a hero. The man himself could not have

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told you if he was or was not capable that heroic act. How can an actor honestly strut in the very opening act? The heroism of men is less obvious. That final act was the expression of a whole culture, a society; it is the expression of the whole man in all of his apparently 'unheroic' development. I shall have to study how to act that man. He is the hero of our time."

Michoels also recited a powerfully moving poem by a young man who was not trained as a poet, but who in expressing with absolute sincerity and simplicity the emotions which governed him at the front had created a wonderful poem. It is a poem addressed to the soldier's sweetheart. He tells her that if one day someone brings her his bloody jacket and says he is dead, "Don't believe him, he lies." Or if they bring his horse—"I shall still be fighting, standing firm on our Soviet ground." But if his gun is brought to her, "Then you will take the gun and go to the front. And still I will be alive, for you will be fighting." In poems such as this and in others which he recited from memory with the indescribable emphasis and modulation of a great actor, Michoels noted that the complex interweaving of personal love and patriotic devotion gave a new tonality and significance to the lyric form.

There are no walls. Professor Michoels is not only director and star of the Moscow Jewish Theater, he is also a member of the Moscow City Council. He has been a founder of Jewish theaters in Moscow, Birobidjian, Crimea. Widely celebrated for his Shakespearean roles, he likes also to perform in plays by contemporary British and American writers like Shaw and O'Neill. For his distinguished services to Soviet culture, he was awarded the highest honor, the Order of Lenin. A People's Artist of the USSR, he is also a member of the Presidium of the Trade Union of Artists. At the outbreak of the war he organized the first frontline theater with a group of actors from various Moscow theaters. In July 1941, he was elected president of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee, a group which includes such outstanding Soviet Jewish citizens as Ilya Ehrenburg, Sergei Eisenstein, Gen. Jacob Kreizer, the great woman physician Lena Stern, and Itzik Feffer.

Feffer is the outstanding Jewish poet of the Soviet Union. He is ten years younger than Michoels, who is fifty-three. Twelve volumes, including "Splinters," "About Me and the People Like Me," "Single Steps," and "Long Live Life," have made his name and work familiar to readers of Jewish literature everywhere. A lieutenant colonel, he has been demobilized because of the Soviet decision that writers, actors, and artists can do such valuable work in their own specialized fields. Neither he nor Michoels strikes one as anything but what they feel themselves to be: citizens of a great and free and creative land. I found them

Lieut. Col. Itzik Feffer

very friendly, generous, vital. I was not talking to Visiting Celebrities. I was talking to warm, many-sided individuals who gave me in their own persons a living sense of the new Soviet man.

They spoke to me about this human being whose image I had seen reflected in the literature of socialist realism. He is, in one phrase, a builder of life. He is possessed of a creative will. I told Michoels and Feffer that the American press was speculating about the "new nationalism" of the Soviet man. They smiled. They distinguished between patriotism, which is genuine devotion to one's people, country, traditions, and the kind of nationalism that sets one group off against another. That the Soviet citizen is not and cannot be a nationalist in this latter sense, in the sense of believing in "superior" and "inferior" peoples, these men are themselves sufficient testimony. In no country in the world could the people of a minority group like the Jews be so thoroughly integrated in the national life. In no other country would it be a serious crime to discriminate against them on the ground that they were Jews.

As Jewish citizens of the Soviet Union they were proud of the fact that Jews stand third in the list of groups receiving awards for bravery in the war. There are nearly 5,000,000 Jews in the USSR, yet they stand immediately after the Russians and the Ukrainians in distinguished service as measured by military honors. And not only in war but in culture. It is the actor Michoels who receives the Order of Lenin, the novelist Ehrenburg who wins the Stalin Prize. In city after city in the Soviet Union, large audiences turn out for evenings devoted to Jewish cultural events, the arrival of a poet, a play, a concert of Jewish music. As I listened to these men, I could not help thinking of those other stories I heard as a child from my father, on whose life the czarist police had set a price because he fought for the values which these men had lived to see cherished and rewarded by a socialist government. I heard the stories in the same language. The contrast could not more sharply be impressed upon one's mind.

It was this, I am sure, that an audience of 45,000 cheered so enthusiastically at the Polo Grounds reception for Michoels and Feffer a few weeks ago. It was the largest Jewish demonstration New York had seen. Every element in American Jewish life was represented, Sholem Asch and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Mrs. David de Sola Pool and Judge Anna M. Kross, Eddie Cantor and Maurice Schwartz; and everyone came to pay tribute to these great representatives of a great ally, to these great champions of an emancipated Jewry. And the working people of New York, so many of them in that audience the victims at one time or another of anti-Semitism, came to see and hear the human symbols of the age-old dream come true. That the *Jewish Daily Forward* and David Dubinsky took this occasion to vent their anti-Soviet, and in objective effect anti-Semitic venom is a spectacle that evokes profound disgust in every thoughtful American Jew.

To meet Michoels and Feffer is to strengthen one's resolve to extend oneself, to grow better than one dreamed possible in this fight against fascism. It is to make one appreciate with new depth of understanding and passion how much our victory and the future well-being of mankind depend on an enduring, faithful, unequivocal friendship between the peoples of our great countries. Hitler and his murderers rue the day we combined our strength and will. They have only begun to rue.

"The White Face"

A fine first novel about Harlem, by the Negro writer Carl Ruthaven Offord. . . . Shortcomings and achievements.

THE WHITE FACE, *by Carl Ruthaven Offord. McBride. $2.75.*

A YOUNG Negro writer has written his first novel about an aspect of Harlem never before treated in fiction: a Negro "nationalist" movement. It is an exciting book, geared to intense conflict between both individuals and social forces. It is also an alarming book, particularly in the context of our time—alarming in a healthy way, on the whole, although the progressive-minded author has not been able to avoid some serious pitfalls in handling new

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and difficult material. But to understand that, one must first know something of the story he tells.

Mr. Offord shows us the "nationalist" movement through the experience of two leading characters: Chris, who is attracted to and finally entrapped by it; and his wife, Nella, who resists the transformation in her husband and eventually finds her place among the progressive Negro and white forces that fight Chris' seducers. However, the main conflict of the novel is not between Chris and Nella, or the respective groups backing them. Rather, it is between Chris and his white oppressors, and also, in a deeper and more subtle sense, between Chris and the movement which lures and then destroys him.

At the beginning of the novel Chris is a Georgia sharecropper planning to escape the horrors of plantation life to Harlem—where Negroes are free and prosperous, according to Cousin May. When the landlord tries to bar his escape by force, Chris strikes back in defense and the white man dies as the result of a heart attack. Nevertheless the get-away is effected—Chris, Nella, and their baby arrive in Harlem, driven there in a stolen car by a relative whom bourbon brutality has transformed from a "good" Negro to a person who will fight for his right to human dignity. But Chris is not yet free of Georgia. Its lynch law follows him in the form of a murder charge, and its economic misery follows him in the Harlem unemployment of the late thirties. When Cousin May's husband, a petty numbers racketeer, turns him and Nella and Baby Love out of the house, Chris dares not even look for a job. He hides in their boarding-house room with only the baby for company, while Nella finds housework through the Bronx Slave Market. Even when Baby Love dies Chris cannot emerge from hiding to give her a proper burial, since to report the death to the authorities would entail identifying himself. He buries the infant secretly in a vacant lot.

Brooding over his injuries, in savage loneliness and frustration, Chris finds his only solace at night in the street meetings of the "nationalist" group whose fuehrer is one Reeves, who foments hatred against all white people but most vociferously against the Jews. The appeal to a man as bewildered and hopeless, as kicked around as Chris, is a powerful one. Here, for the first time, he sees Negroes openly asserting their equality with white men, their hatred of "the white face," and a promise of organized action. If some aspects of the movement puzzle him—the complaisance of the white policemen, for example; and the appearance of a Japanese speaker at one meeting—the emotional allure makes them unimportant. And when Reeves' men discover a use for him; when, moreover, they let him know they are aware of his identity and the murder charge against him, he gives himself completely to their command. From that point the violence, which pervades the novel from the beginning, increases in tempo and force until Chris is jailed and finally shot down after attacking a prison guard.

IN THE course of his story Mr. Offord makes some observations which should be broadcast and remembered. Perhaps the most valuable is in his expose of the forces directing Reeves—the Japanese agents, the Christian Fronters, the same Klan that rides in Chris' southland. The author is quite aware—and makes us aware—that these groups are anything but friends of the Negro people, that they misuse those people for treasonable ends. Mr. Offord also understands his chief character—understands this fugitive from Georgia, who has never seen a Negro dare "raise his voice against the white folks," has never encountered a remote indication that Negro and white can and often do work together against discrimination. That such a man, discovering in his promised land of Harlem all the suffering he has fled, should turn to a movement like Reeves'—this is at least comprehensible. That it should change him personally, forcing him to cruelty andlawlessness, is also comprehensible.

Where the novel falls down, I think, is in the matter of emphasis. And this may largely arise from faults of construction and literary conception. It is clear, for example, that Mr. Offord intends Nella to be a counter to Chris, with the allies she discovers in opposition to his false friends. But it is difficult to cast Nella in such a role. She has been originally presented as a woman whose only concern is her husband and children, who lacks not only the harshness but the interest with which Mr. Offord invests Chris. As a result she must be "built up" too swiftly near the end in order to act militantly, defying the Reeves men who attempt to use her in their "rape" frameup against a liberal Jewish lawyer. So, while she distrusts and hates the men who have taken Chris, her defiance of them is largely emotional and not too convincing.

In fact, the book contains no major Negro character who combines real understanding with willingness to fight on the right side. There are *sympathetic* char-

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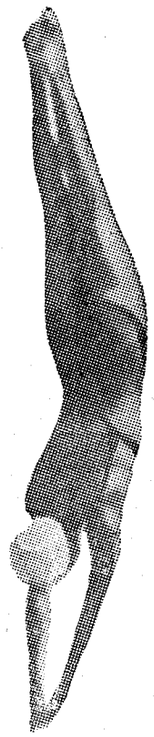

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acters: Cousin May and Tommy, for example, who can break through their fears sufficiently to aid Chris and Nella. And there are Negroes in the progressive "Congress" that acts politically to prevent Chris' extradition to Georgia. But they are not drawn with a fourth of the boldness and vividness with which the author gives us Chris, or Reeves, or Chester, Cousin May's anti-Semitic, racketeering husband. The prestige and dignity and forcefulness of the real Negro leaders of today find faint reflection here. Nor does one derive from the "Congress" more than a glimmering of the extent to which united action of Negroes and whites takes place in America today.

Here again the fault is one of emphasis. Mr. Offord's first interest is in the new material he presents, i.e., in the nationalist movement, its instigators and disciples. He accords them far more space and gives them more reality than he allows other characters. There is a danger that readers will get an exaggerated impression of anti-Semitism among Harlem Negroes and of their susceptibility to Japanese propaganda—a danger made all the more acute by the anti-Negro insurrections in Detroit and elsewhere. It hardly mitigates that peril to depict Chris, under the influence of the movement, going from one act of assault to another, finally culminating in attempted murder.

And yet a careful, or enlightened, reader may receive no such impression. Perhaps Chris is too much in a literary pattern established by *Native Son*, of the individual blindly reacting to intolerable oppression—a pattern not accompanied by the multitudinous details of social and psychological observation found in Richard Wright's book. Nevertheless, Chris is made human; and it is a triumph of characterization that one can sympathize with him even after he is completely captured by the "nationalists" and turned into a killer. Which is another way of saying the reader is made to understand that he *is* captured—captured by the enemies of his people. That understanding is deepened politically by Mr. Offord's brief yet very convincing sketch of Reeves' cynical Christian Front overlords, who deride and hate the very Negroes they use in the "nationalist" movement.

Some people may complain that in view of its material *The White Face* should have been a more "reflective" book. Reflective in tone it certainly is not. There is no pause in action from the first page to the last and it is as compelling action as I have ever encountered in fiction. That Mr. Offord can maintain this tempo without tiring the reader or creating a feeling of monotony because of the repeated violence—surely, this is fine craftsmanship. And I didn't feel that the *effect* of the book was "unreflective." On the contrary: if you can't put it down until it is finished, neither can you stop thinking about it for some time after. There are memorable scenes—for example, the gruesome yet infinitely pathetic episode of the baby's death and burial; or the escape from Georgia, when young Tommy, already beaten by the white lynchers on mere suspicion of aiding Chris and Nella, nevertheless comes for them in the stolen car to drive them to Harlem. And there are many memorable truths; the fact that Mr. Offord has clouded some of the total effect with ambiguous presentation should not prevent our recognizing the value of seeing those truths in print. Nor should it obscure the fact that this Negro writer has, in his first novel, revealed a fine progressive alertness to paramount social problems, as well as a sensitive literary talent that deserves recognition. BARBARA GILES.

Women in War

THE WAACS, *by Nancy Shea. Harper. $2.50.*

Mrs. Shea's book, the first on the now renamed Women's Army Corps (WAC), gives a comprehensive if sometimes dull picture of the women's army which represents the greatest advance of women in this war over their progress in World War I.

Although the book is dated because of the recent legislation making the WAC an integral part of the US Army, *The WAACs* covers material of interest to women who are thinking of getting into the Army. One girl, Vicky Gleason, is described from the birth of her desire to join up to the completion of her officer candidate and specialist training. What clothes she gets what food she eats, what rules she must abide by that differ from the men's, and other points of conduct are discussed at length.

Mrs. Shea's prim advice to WACs to hide cigarette breath which she says is "very offensive and especially so if the offender is a woman" sounds more like a boarding school edict than a guide to adult women who are carrying their share of the war. The housemotherly tone throughout the book, however, should go far to assuage the fears of immorality held by New York *Daily News* columnists.

The more than 65,000 members of the WAC are making history for their country and their sex at home and abroad despite the ridicule, slander, and rumormongering. In her rather pedestrian book Mrs. Shea does not capture the importance of their courage and progress. Valuable as a guide to clothes, manners, and the like, *The WAAC's* needs a more exciting successor that will do the real recruiting task needed to fill the quota of WACs so ungently demanded by the Army.

ANNE ADAMS.

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RADIO STATION . . . —

How the broadcasts of today reflect a country at war. A record of progress since Pearl Harbor. The chief lack in wartime radio—over-all planning.

The following report on wartime radio in America today was prepared by a committee of radio writers, actors, and producers, headed by Norman Corwin. Mr. Corwin needs little introduction to our readers, or to the public at large. His is probably the best known name of American radio writers, and his plays have not only been broadcast but many of them have been collected and published in book form. He was among the first radio writers to reflect current social and economic matters, and his contributions to radio in this war period have been immense.

The article below consists of a report delivered to the recent National Wartime Conference of Arts, Sciences, Professions, and White-Collar Fields.—The Editors.

ANY discussion of the role of radio in an all-out war demands first a word and a thought on the subject of the function of propaganda. The men and women who work in the field of radio are constantly aware—as indeed anybody must be who reflects for more than a few minutes—of the tremendous strength of the medium, and of its considerable weakness. There is, on the one hand, the fact that by radio we are enabled to transfer an idea or a concept to the minds of more of our fellow-citizens at any given moment than by any other medium of communication we have yet devised. That is radio's great strength. At the same time, there is its weakness, which is the essential transience of radio. A whole complex of factors including, first, whether you have your radio on at a given moment, whether you have it tuned to a specific station at a given moment, whether your idea or concept is being broadcast at the same time that Fred Allen is introducing Falstaff Openshaw—all these things cut down the strength of the medium. If you haven't heard a given show at the moment it is on, you will, with rare exceptions, never again have the chance. This is patently a serious detriment to the potential of radio.

With these thoughts in mind, let's think now for a moment of the state of radio in the days that immediately followed the celebrated villainy of the mid-Pacific. As with nearly every other industry, radio was caught grievously napping. Looking back on those days of divided leadership, we need not be too surprised that this was the case. By and large, the many cooks who are engaged in brewing radio's broth—the network executives, the sponsors, the advertising agency vice-president—in common with similar molders of opinion all over the country, these people felt no compulsion to warn the people or prepare them for the struggles that lay ahead.

On the other hand, just as in the case of other industries, December 8, 9, 10, and so on, found these worthies doing considerable thinking as to the possibilities of radio and as to the responsibilities of radio. A great spate of shows filled the air—open letters to Hitler and Hirohito—"Listen, Adolf, and Hirohito, and Benito!" We all remember these shows. The salutation in such open letters would invariably be followed by the sound of airplane motors, the sound being taken from records of Douglas commercial transports, warming up and taking off. We shouldn't laugh too eagerly at these recollections, or at the examples of bad taste in the commercials. Maybe you all remember the cartoon in the *New Yorker*:

"The sponsors of this news broadcast, Clarkson and Sons, makers of the world-famous Clarkson Chicken Noodle Soup Mix, the soup prepared from an old Maryland recipe and endorsed by twelve of the country's leading chefs and which can be made so quickly and economically—simply add the hot water and there you are—forego their usual sales message in order to bring you complete news coverage during this emergency. . . ."

After all, these mistakes were being made in nearly every industry in the country. In point of fact, radio converted to wartime rather more quickly than most.

In commercial radio broadcasts, after the first quick flurry of open letters to the Terrible Three, the medium settled down to doing a difficult job pretty well. Daytime serial shows began to reflect a country at war far more quickly than most other mediums. Long before the Holly-

Broadcasting "Green Valley, USA." The program may be heard Monday through Friday at 3:45 P.M. EWT, over CBS. Before the microphone, left to right, are Charita Bauer, Santos Orgeta, and Patricia Ryan.

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wood producer had issued his order about making sure that one out of every ten extras in a crowd scene was to wear uniform, the heroes of daytime serials were going off into the army; the heroines were debating whether they should join the Red Cross and put in for overseas service; and buying war stamps and bonds. Those characters in daytime shows would have been fighting with the partisans in Yugoslavia, or going over the Channel with the RAF, had the networks allowed it or the sponsors deemed it ripe for audience reception.

Already the networks and the writers and the actors were making available their time and their talent for unsponsored war shows. "Keep 'Em Rolling," "This Is War," "This Is Our Enemy," "The Treasury Star Parade"—the list can easily be expanded. And the point is, at the time these shows were broadcast, they were doing a capable—at times brilliant—job of explaining, clarifying, indoctrinating, inspiring. The fact that over two hundred radio writers would pack-jam a room in December 1941 to listen to a government spokesman tell them what they could do to help win the war is not terribly surprising. The pity is that that government spokesman was not prepared or capable of giving those writers better direction.

Actually, the government itself, like the industry, was just beginning to become aware of the possibilities and the responsibilities of the medium. The Office of War Information's domestic branch was pretty quick to launch its allocations program—the program whereby each show would carry, on a planned basis, a plug for rubber conservation, or oil and gasoline conservation, or Red Cross, or War Bonds, or whatever. There has been dissatisfaction expressed with the methods, the minor details, or the way the OWI domestic branch has been functioning: writers have reasonably taken umbrage at the issuance on Monday of a directive to include a plug for rubber conservation in their Tuesday script. But these things are insignificant when we survey the total good that has been accomplished.

LET's look at what the OWI has done. For the purpose of this report, I am not going to touch on the overwhelmingly vast and complicated operations of the OWI's Overseas Division, which in such an astonishingly brief time has set in motion the machinery for turning out thousands of programs each week in dozens of languages. In this sphere we are directly fighting a war with fascism, and winning it. But I am going to confine my remarks to OWI's domestic work. One: they have issued sensible directives by and large, which have been incorporated in any number of daytime serial shows, as well as night-time half-hour shows. These directives have affected not only single shows, but whole series. And as I say, in the main sensibly. Two: they have produced their own shows, at first on a random basis, now on a very specifically planned basis, notably in the series called Uncle Sam. Three: their allocations program continues, and improves, in the continuation. Four: their program of spot announcements, as good as any spot announcements, if you like spot announcements. Five: their special programs involving anniversaries, holiday shows, special events. All this is good, and, we can note with satisfaction, is increasing and improving.

For their part, the sponsors and the networks deserve some special commendation too. After all, they have contributed not only their personnel to the OWI, but their cooperation to the OWI's ideas. And let's remember that the networks have donated considerable of their time, effort, and hard cash to broadcast sustaining programs. "Green Valley, USA," jumps to mind. "That They Might Live," is another. "Transatlantic Call" is another. "The Man Behind the Gun," in winning the Peabody Award, demonstrated its usefulness on the air waves. Organized labor was given its chance, to tell in fifteen minutes once a week, what it is doing to speed victory, in a program called "Labor for Victory." And there have been "The Twenty-second Letter," "Hello Americans," "An American in England," "An American in Russia," and many others.

FOR their part, the sponsors of commercial programs have also done—at times—astonishingly fine programs. I don't want to be invidious, and single out certain shows at the expense of others quite as good, but any shut-in can tell you that "Cavalcade of America," "The Thin Man," "Famous Jury Trials," and some of the others are fully aware that we are at war, and that it is a serious war, and that we have got to win it for more reasons than just the perpetuation of our freedom of enterprise.

What this all adds up to, of course, is that radio has been doing a somewhat-better-than-adequate job. What it adds up to, incidentally, is that it has proved to the War Manpower Commission's recent satisfaction that radio broadcasting is an essential war industry. This is important. But we today should be vitally concerned that the recognition of our essentiality does not stop at that. We should be vitally concerned that there is recognition that manpower is as necessary to radio broadcasting as is the filament in a tube, long since given a high priority.

I'm not interested in going over ground which has already been traveled. Perhaps the OWI has indeed taken a census of the number of hours available on every radio station in the United States, has worried about what those hours are filled with, has taken a census of the personnel in the industry, has decided on a concrete and specific plan as to how that manpower can best be harnessed for a swift and complete victory. Perhaps the OWI has done all this. But if it has, I haven't seen the results, nor has anybody in the radio industry to whom I've talked. And it seems shameful that we, who are vitally concerned that our industry do a good and better-than-sufficient job of helping to win the war, should sit here, in the nineteenth month of our struggle for existence, without knowing these basic facts.

I believe that a census of the available time-hours, the available manpower, both on a quantitative and on a qualitative basis, should be taken immediately, if it has not already been taken. And it will follow from such a census, that it be more than just another form which station managers fill out; that it be the structure on which a plan be mapped out and followed for the industry. So that we don't wake up one morning, and find all our competent engineers, writers, directors, and actors in khaki, with guns over their willing shoulders when they should be at work in their craft. So that we don't *continue* to wake up every morning to find the major part of our radio time taken up with the sale of unguents or tobaccos, at the possible expense of a smashing, speedy military victory.

SURELY there is no reasonable person in radio today who will say that the medium is accomplishing all that it should. Certainly there is no member of the radio audience who is completely satisfied with his fare. Just as our war economy needs an over-all master plan, such as that outlined by the Pepper-Tolan-Kilgore Bill, so in radio we desperately need some sort of master plan, which will take into account existing facilities, and the executors of which will assist in the formulation of highest policy, of propaganda, of personnel, of everything. This is not to suggest any federal control of the facilities of radio, more than exists at the moment in the persons of the Federal Communications Commission. This master plan is no proposal for an attack upon the ownership of the networks, or upon the functioning of the networks or the sponsors. What is proposed is the fullest possible mobilization of the existing facilities, under the present setup, but with forceful and ultimate direction of properly constituted government officials.

After all, when we speak of radio we do not mean so much the physical tubes, grids, dials, and wiring, all cunningly concealed in a handsome walnut cabinet. We speak rather of an end-result, an end-result which has become a reality only through the combined efforts of writers, actors, directors, networks, agencies, and sponsors. It is the responsibility of all of these groups to make sure that radio is doing a job to help win this war speedily. As for the writers, the actors, the directors, and their unions and guilds—they

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have time after time demonstrated their willingness, their insistence on helping as much as possible. I mentioned earlier that 200 radio writers crowded into one room to hear a government official talk to them. But they have been so consistently frustrated in their efforts, that today less than a hundred of them will come to such a meeting. As for the actors, I have been told of the fire they bring to their performances on even such brief shows as the OWI Uncle Sam series. They go back to their work in strip shows with the feeling that for ten or twelve minutes, at least, they have been permitted some direct, actual contact with the war.

This is only mentioned because it is typical. I can tell other stories as to the willingness and the initiative of actors—of men and women going up to the Bronx, or to Westchester, at nine o'clock in the morning in order to tell an auditorium filled with school-kids or clubwomen how important it is to save scrap—pathetic stories, because the talent of these actors is so senselessly being wasted, when one fifteen-minute radio program, given proper time on the air, over the proper stations, would do the same job infinitely better, and with infinitely greater results.

Nor do I need to touch on the willingness of the relatively young Radio Directors Guild. They have taken on series after series; their members working for nothing, or for a token payment, to produce radio shows for everything from Russian War Relief, to the First Fighter Command, to the Treasury Bondwagon.

Inevitably we return to the point that a master plan is desperately needed to insure that the necessary time and manpower be made available; that the necessary content be given each show by the proper directive. The need for this master plan is obvious in every respect of the field of radio. It can be appreciated by reflecting, for a moment, on the fact that many hundreds of thousands of war workers no longer can hear their favorite radio programs, Jack Benny, or Fibber McGee and Molly, or Bob Hope, or "Aunt Jenny," or "Big Sister." These programs are all certainly vital to our civilian morale, each in its own way. Nobody is going to argue that they should be thrown off the air, and in their place substituted programs which proclaim with the voice of doom that we can still lose this war. But the point is that hundreds of thousands of our most valuable citizens never get the chance to hear these programs, because of the insistence that commercial night-time shows be broadcast only from seven PM to ten-thirty PM, and the recordings of these shows then be filed away in dusty bins. Radio should be broadcast around the clock; the best radio programs should be repeated. In some areas this is already being done; it should be done everywhere. Sponsors should not forget that these war workers will buy their products as readily as the usual radio audience. And recordings should be permitted on all networks. This use of recordings, standard with the BBC, is what has enabled British documentary radio to stand head and shoulders above our own.

A WHILE ago I mentioned some of the many effective sustaining programs which have been broadcast and are still being broadcast, by each of the major networks. Too often network officials tuck these programs on the air, as a kind of partial payment to their conscience. Now, they seem to say in public, nobody can say that *our* network isn't busily engaged in putting on programs in the public interest. But we in radio are only too aware that the time selected for the broadcast of these programs, is inevitably in the hours when radio audiences are small, or is opposite programs on other networks which claim the vast majority of the listening audience. Such periods are a liability to the sponsoring network anyway, so they toss their war shows into that half-hour slot. Think: "Labor for Victory," on at one-fifteen Sunday, ten-fifteen in the morning, on the Pacific Coast; "Transatlantic Call," on at twelve noon, Sunday, nine o'clock Sunday morning, on the coast! "This Is War"—seven-thirty Saturday evening. And so on, and so on, and so on. Here again, the existence of a master plan would insure a better audience for the deserving shows.

Those who work in the field of radio can agree with their critics—in fact, must agree—somewhat ruefully, that the medium has never lived up to its potentialities. The war has actually served to emphasize our weaknesses, just as out of the war have come some programs, better than any radio has ever before produced. But radio is still our newest art form; we still suffer from the absence of any criteria, any body of criticism, any standards by which we can look at ourselves, find ourselves wanting, discover why and how we are wanting, and thereby elevate our medium. We would like to believe that out of the stresses of this world conflict will come the compulsions for all who function in the craft, to labor to elevate radio somewhere closer to its potentialities. How can we set about this?

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one of the principal reasons for the absence of any body of criticism, any criteria in radio, is the medium's transience. A generation ago, the film industry was in a like case; moving pictures played in any given theater for one performance only, then they left the city and went to the next theater, two or three hundred miles away. Gradually, this custom was beaten down. We would like to believe that the same is possible in radio.

Unfortunately, the comparison is by no means identical. The peculiar commercial aspects of radio—the fact that time is rigidly rationed, and that there are only 168 hours in a week, has maintained an insurmountable barrier to the repetition of a program, say, on three successive nights at the same time. Or even on following Mondays at the same time. Various proposals have been made to overcome this difficulty: a repertory radio theater to give repeat broadcasts to deserving programs is one idea.

Today I would like to outline another idea, a proposal which I believe has concomitant benefits to the medium as a whole. I should like to propose a kind of Academy of Radio Arts and Sciences, which would have many functions, but one principal duty. This duty would be to broadcast the best of any given week's radio shows on all networks during one hour each week. The best from any station would be selected, from any network. Any sort of best: the best Fred Allen gag would be included in such a period; the best war song of the week; the best spot from a daytime serial show; the best half-hour dramatic show; the best news commentary—all these and many others. All combined, edited, and produced again on the Academy Hour. If you heard a good program, a fine program, and you called a friend and asked him if he too had heard it, and he told you he hadn't, why then you'd tell him to tune in the Academy Hour, that he would be able to hear it.

I need do no more than suggest what sort of incentive this would supply to every writer, to every actor and composer and director. Every man and woman of talent would be constrained to do just that much better at his or her own craft, in order to insure the rebroadcast of his or her effort on the Academy Hour.

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in the evening, say, until ten-thirty or eleven at night. Coupled with live shows would be records of those shows which for one or another reason could not be broadcast live again.

I don't want to imply that the Academy would stand or fall on the chances of clearing network time for such a broadcast. For this would by no means become the sole work of the Academy. Such an Academy would undertake to commission the writing of the first thoughtful analyses and critiques of radio and its work; it would set up a permanent library of all meritorious programs, in order to make them available to small local stations for rebroadcast at a very small cost or no cost at all; presumably it would be instrumental in developing techniques, which would in turn enrich the medium; finally, such an Academy could undertake the training and teaching of younger men and women in the field, so that there would be always and ever increasingly a pool of talent available to bring to the American people an expanded and enriched broadcast medium.

Such a proposal need not just be a dream. It sems to me that the talented folk who are here today and their many friends should be anxious to help in the development of such an idea; should be insistent that the details be worked out between the various networks as soon as possible. It seems to me that such an Academy is a necesary thing, a practical thing, a vital thing—a vital thing not only for the improvement of radio as a medium of entertainment and propaganda, but as an instrument in the speedy winning of this war.

FOR we should not delude ourselves. It is high time that the professionals of the radio field took their responsibilities more and more seriously; that they band their efforts increasingly and unsparingly to learning the need for the unconditional surrender of which our Commander-in-Chief spoke at Casablanca; to exploring why this need is so great; to clarifying these things for the American people; to educating and inspiring the American people so that their united will will bring about this unconditional surrender as speedily as it can be. This is of importance. More especially today—at this moment—when we are all of us counting the hours before our troops and those of our Allies are mounted for the final onslaught on the bastions of Hitler's Festung Europa. In the days of the immediate future, when the blood of our comrades and brothers will be let in the most righteous of fights, our people at home will direly need sustenance and morale. We of radio must stand ready to give it, as our small share in the contributions toward a smashing victory.

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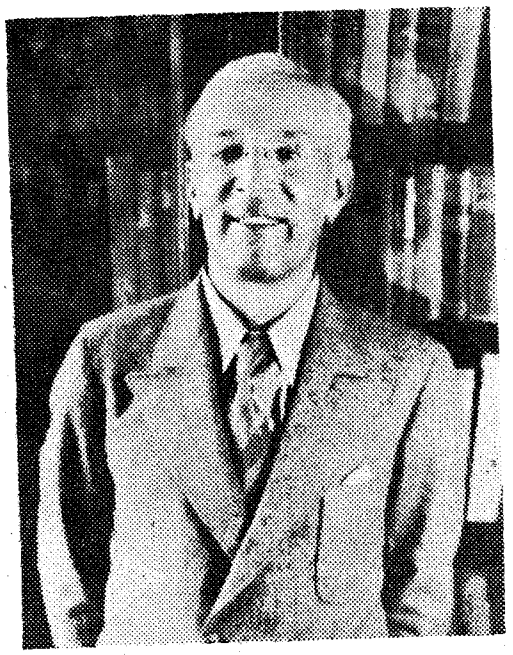

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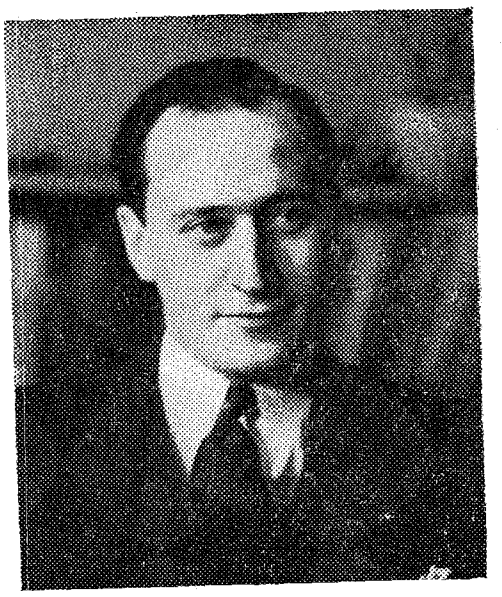

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